

ZION'S HERALD

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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BOSTON, OCTOBER 24, 1872.

Established January, 1823.
Volume—49. No. 43.

Reader, do you love Jesus? Do you respond, "It is the desire of my heart to do so; but how may I know that I love Him?" In the last conversation before His crucifixion, Christ said to His disciples, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Obedience, then, is the criterion or test of our love to Him.

You may have a sentiment of religion, very correct and Scriptural, yet it may be merely an intellectual perception of the truth. Do not flatter yourself that this is a satisfactory assurance of your love to the Saviour. "You believe there is one God; the devils also believe and tremble." The sentiment, however beautiful and true, is not keeping the commandments. Love is an affection of the heart rather than a faculty of the intellect; correct sentiment often exists in an unrenowned heart.

You may have very pleasant emotions and feelings in meetings for social worship. These may arise from the occasion and associations, the pleasing music, the social acquaintance. Emotions of pleasure in such circumstances are questionable evidences of love to Christ unless accompanied by acts of obedience. Do you delight in prayer, in talking with God, as in hearing a pleasing melody? Are you ready to confess your Saviour before others, to work in His vineyard, and labor for His cause?

Some think a partial performance of some religious duties to which they have a natural preference, sufficient evidence that they are Christians. This cannot be satisfactory. Public worship may be regularly attended from custom; social worship, from love of good society. You may contribute to some object of public benevolence from ostentation or impulse. With all these, you may be sadly deficient in religious character and obedience.

Sometimes an effort is made to satisfy conscience with some proper regard to particular duties, while others are neglected. This will not succeed; and if it did, God is not mocked. Does the loving child select the agreeable things ordered, and neglect others not so pleasing? Is that filial obedience? Does he show filial love? Love to Christ will prompt you to do all His will, to shrink from no duty, cross, privation, or effort. By its influence you will go to your place of business to honor Him; your counting-room, shop, house, will be a sanctuary, sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. Each duty, whether pleasing or otherwise, in its time cheerfully performed, shows a completeness of Christian character, evincing a deep sense of obligation to God, and purpose to love Him with all the heart: the substratum of all piety.

By love to Christians we are to show to all men that we are disciples of Christ. If a sentiment, it is known simply to ourselves; it will only be practical, if others know of its existence. In more than profession, in acts of sympathy and kindness, we are to show our regard for them; by their appearance "they took knowledge of them (the Apostles) that they had been with Jesus." Your life of holiness, your every-day life will manifest to the world the degree of your love, and measure their regard for it.

Our practical love to man evinces our love to Christ. If we see our brother destitute, and relieve him not, how dwelleth the love of God in us? If we love not our brother, whom we have seen, how can we love God, whom we have not seen?

The Lecture season has entered this year upon a new departure. With the vigor and lively competition of several business "bureaus" devoted to the work of instituting and supplying courses, no measure is omitted to sustain the flagging public interest. As the voices and habits of thought of our best speakers have become somewhat familiar; and despite their fanciful, funny, or heterodox subjects, it was becoming rather difficult to induce self-constituted committees to be

responsible for the great expense incident to a lecture season—our popular men having screwed their courage up to a very large pecuniary valuation of their literary efforts, it was necessary to awaken a new interest by some fresh sensation. And we have it this year, in a very marked degree. Our adventurous lecture brokers have imported the best English talent—not one form of it only, but several. The community certainly owe thanks, in addition to the small pecuniary consideration incident to the price of tickets, to their course of lectures.

We are now permitted to listen to the "lightest weight" of four noted Englishmen now on our shores—Edmund Yates—the novelist and *litterateur*—in his pleasant conversational and dramatic personation of characters, or we can enjoy the sweeter and richer sentences that drop from the cultivated and thoughtful lips of George MacDonald, the Scotch preacher and charming writer. We can turn from him to one of the most popular, positive, and sharply criticised of historians, and admirable essayist—Jas. Anthony Froude. If our taste runs to science, here we have "in our very midst" the prince of experimental lecturers, the subject of a hundred theological discussions,—the easy, eloquent, and learned Professor Tyndall. The warm and generous reception accorded to the latter, has already drawn from him the public announcement that he would probably repeat his visit in another season, and deliver a more elaborate series of scientific discourses. The Lowell Institute is crowded to its utmost capacity with eager hearers hanging upon his lips. The old standard platform orators find also ready demand for services in filling out lecture lists after a course has once been decided upon. Gough only measures his number of evenings by his physical ability. Rev. Mr. Murray pleases his large audiences with his new, somewhat self-conceited, animated, very liberal for an orthodox clergyman on amusements (some think dangerously so), but suggestive and amusing address upon "My Creed," or with the unhappy "Deacons" whom he still keeps in the pillory. The ladies are justly becoming more and more popular, and are fully sharing the honors of the platform. Our Bishop Simpson delivered his lecture upon the progress of the world for the decade between 1860 and 1870, in Cambridge before a very large and cultivated audience last week. He held them in lively interest, and in entire sympathy with himself for an hour and a half.

Thus the great national University with its hundreds of professors, its thousands of lecture-rooms, and its millions of students, opens this year in our United States. In this form or a better, may it ever continue to instruct and improve the people.

Harvard College proposes as a compromise, under the pressure of a growing public sentiment in favor of giving woman an equal opportunity to avail herself of the best educational opportunities in the land, the course pursued in Cambridge University, England. The Board of Overseers have arranged to give an annual examination as to their scholarship, of such ladies as may present themselves for this purpose. The first will take place next June. However and wherever the ladies may succeed in obtaining a familiarity with the required curriculum of study, the University, after examination, will give, under its ancient seal, a certificate of their attainments. The majority of the Committee lately appointed to consider the question of the expediency of opening the college for the education of both sexes, decided in the negative. The chief objection against co-education is, that the course marked out for the young man, is not adapted to the average strength of constitution, natural aptitude, or presumptive future intellectual wants of the young woman, and deprives her of the opportunity to acquire such branches as are

considered most appropriate to her sex, and will become of the most practical service to her. The answer to this objection is a short one; there is no necessity for a cast iron course. Elective courses have become the rule in all our colleges, and Harvard is not an exception. An equivalent course can be readily arranged for ladies, with an elective privilege of any of the regular lines of study, and degrees can be given properly significant of character and extent of studies pursued. It is such an uneconomical waste of money to have different executive officers, different professors, different libraries, cabinets and apparatus, when under proper supervision, the two sexes can as readily, and with profit to each other, recite together and avail themselves of the great common collections of literature and illustrations of natural sciences, that the old monastic plan must be given up. To this complexion doubtless we are now progressing, and Harvard has taken a short step hitherward.

C. L. Brace, esq., the well-known Secretary of the Children's Aid Society of New York, visiting England to attend the late International Prison Congress, has extended his tour into Germany and Austria. His letters from the heart of these great empires, giving details of his personal observation, now published in successive numbers of the *Christian Union* have been unusually interesting and instructive. An early letter in reference to the prevailing skepticism of the middle and higher classes in Germany, extending to an absolute neglect of all private, social, or public religious services, was truly painful, and even pathetic. The better classes attempt to substitute, in order to meet the cry of the tender heart of childhood for spiritual life, poetry, and works of humanity, for *pictism*, as they term it—husks for the sweet meat! Mr. Brace meets with a very different reception in Hungary, from that he experienced twenty years ago, when he was arrested as a spy, imprisoned, and only released by the interference of the representative of our government at Vienna. The struggle of the brave and eloquent Kossuth, although immediately a failure, has proved ultimately to be a comparative success. Hungary at last finds her national legislation respected, and is recognized, in her leading minds, in the cabinet of the Emperor Joseph, and in the Austrian Diet. The power of Jesuitical Romanism is broken down, and social progress in every line of advancement, is witnessed. These fine letters, covering topics not usually treated by hasty tourists, should be gathered into a volume and published.

The announcement of the programme for united prayer throughout the world, with the opening of next year, recalls the very interesting remarks of Rev. J. N. Wheeler, made on Monday, a week ago, at the Preachers' Meeting upon the international union in prayer. It was originated, he remarked, in India, and was intended to be exclusively a union in prayer for the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon evangelical labors. Brother Wheeler said the missionaries felt the need of this in a marked degree. When the Hindoo lays aside his idolatry, and conquers his prejudices of caste, he is liable to think he has become a Christian, and often fails to apprehend the nature and necessity of the work of the Holy Spirit. This grace of the Holy Ghost, is what they feel they need most of all, to touch, enlighten, and renew the desperately dark and depraved minds of these long blinded people. It was this sense of absolute necessity that induced the request for all Christians to unite with them in the prayer for this specific object. He questioned whether anything had been gained by enlarging the scope of supplication. The whole Church at this moment needs to pray with united voices and persistent earnestness for a baptism from on high!

Original and Selected Papers.

AUTUMN.

BY REV. MARK TRAPTON.

The faded leaves are in the street,
They swirl around my falling feet,
As wearily I walk my beat.

Southward the summer songsters fly;
Sharply rings out the cricket's cry;
And low the darkened clouds float by.

"Farewell," they say, "we're passing on,
Where summer's glorious prime has gone;
Flying from autumn, pale and wan."

Ah, many a time, the same old sight,
The same chill winds, and fatal blight,
Have changed my summer day to night.

And, hapless, change on Time's dark scroll,
Fell like a frost upon my soul,
When o'er me such sad visions roll.

Yet summer birds will sing again,
And wealth of beauty gild the plain,
Fresh life with all her smiling train.

But not for me can dead hopes bloom,
No hand unlock the sealed tomb,
Or the extinguished torch relume!

Not here, but aching heart be bold,
Not long shall death thy treasures hold,
Soon shall the stone be backward rolled.

Then, deathless summers fill the skies,
And fadeless forms of beauty rise, —
Joy sparkle then in tearless eyes.

FEATHERS DROPPED FROM A FLYING WING.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

THE RED RIVER COUNTRY.

I left you on the track of the North Pacific, at the opening of the Red River region. You have had a rest of a week, and have, no doubt, enjoyed it. Shall we ride on? It is an exquisite landscape you are about to enter. This is a big section. A hundred miles almost in width before it strikes the river, and another hundred the other side, while it stretches four hundred miles north and south, a belt of rare fertility and beauty. The centre strip of this belt is as level as a floor, from fifty to a hundred miles wide, and four hundred long. At this eastern edge, it is more rolling, and more beautiful. Here groves of natural elegance mingle with lake, river, plain, and hill-slope, in a body of beauty one rarely sees equaled.

THE FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

Especially is this the case from Hobart to Hawley, a length not over thirty miles, where lies the facial loveliness of all this road. This is a longer relative length of beauty than is given in the human form, whose bit of perfection, despite sculptors and Swinburnes, lies in space between hair of head, and hair of chin, about six inches of the body's six feet, that is a twelfth, which is just about this proportion of this section of the whole line from Duluth to the Yellow Stone, where the western division, fully dedicated to Dr. Whedon, whose "Man Republic" is thus reduced from metaphysics to physics, from man to nature. If the United States can be fashioned as a man, so can this long Jonathan thereof that stretches across its upper parallel. This can, therefore, be properly termed "the face of the country."

Well, this face of the North Pacific railway is handsome. Take that part from Detroit to Audubon, the centre of the face, ten miles long, just a third of the whole, as artists require from the eyes to the lips, and you seldom see anything prettier. The morning rose lovely and mild, a midsummer warmth without burning. As we left the cars at Detroit Lake, we walked, four of us, across the slightly rising prairies to a log cabin hotel, set among a natural cluster of trees as prettily put together as the best landscape artist could devise.

A CATHOLIC CONVOCATION.

A Congregational council had been held the day before to organize a Church, and we supposed they would stop at a clap-boarded building, entitled "The New England House." But their appetites, like our own, got the better of their local pride, and we found eight or ten of these ministers of the Puritan name and Methodist gusto, at the log cabin table. Here, too, was Bishop Whipple of the Episcopal Church, whom the landlord seemed to fancy vastly bigger than his fellow prelates of the Congregational Church. Dr. Dorus Clark, had he been here, would have taught him where the true succession and prelacy lay, and brought him on his knees to the original and only Church, of which all Episcopalians, Romanists and such, are dissenters and sects.

Was not this a goodly company? The benefit of the clergy could be had here without difficulty. An excel-

lent Baptist clergyman was agent of the land company, and close at hand, two more Methodist clergymen were on the train coming west, and a half dozen Episcopal clergymen were one station west; not less than twenty ministers were hovering around that centre that summer morning. All this commingling of clerical elements means something. It means all this journey. Right here might as well be said why all this long flight is taken. The bird, and not its feathers comes into view. It is not to see the Gitchee Gumee, or even Duluth; not to visit Michillimackinac, or the Methodist Bruce. It is not because the itinerant blood had got restless with long rest, and must make preliminary flights before settling down to its steadfast pilgrimages. It is not even to get a chance to write for the HERALD, a possibility only sure of success by getting far away from its headquarters. None of these things moved me. But to inspect ecclesiastically the North Pacific Railway, to note its condition, prospects, and needs; to see our sheep in the wilderness, and prepare folds for those already here, and those that should come after. Bishop Ames arranged the tour of observation, but family sickness prevented his carrying out his programme. He labored, and others entered into his labors.

These labors come, therefore, to their natural expression at Tyler's log-cabin hotel, with its bevy of preachers swarming down upon it. They all represent another phase of this North Pacific movement, its religious activity. This is an enthusiasm as marked as any that it exhibits. At Duluth, not four years old, are nine comely churches; that is the fountain head; and the fountain breaks forth fiercely, and flows with equal force and volume. At Brainerd, five are erected. The selection of lots, organization of churches, erection of chapels, are as rapid as all the other movements. The Directors share in the enthusiasm. Governor Smith, of Vermont, late president of the Railway Company, builds the Congregational Church at Brainerd, and President Canfield of the Land Company, the Episcopal. The companies offer liberal aid to all other churches, while Jay Cooke stands by with private donations, equaling all the others bestow.

Our Preachers' Meeting on that breezy stoop that morning would have done any Christian soul good. An accident delayed the eastern bound train, and we sat from breakfast to dinner, talking all sorts of clerical talk, educational, theological, devotional. It was pleasant to see how often all saw eye to eye, how united was the front against all heresy in doctrine, and all laxity in practice. The efforts of each Church to develop its own resources were not disregarded, while the common end all sought, the subjection of the thought and life of the world to the Lord Jesus Christ, was constantly set forth. Bishop Whipple is pushing his work with great energy, and has already the best arranged, and best working plans of education in Minnesota of any Church, far surpassing our own, which has actually none, a failure of the Hamline University having put back our educational work ten years. But we are getting into shape, and shall easily pull past him when once started; for the people are ours, if we will only be theirs.

This Detroit Lake you have heard much of in the Boston papers. It is a great centre of advertising attraction. A hundred or two are settled here — more in the country behind it. A few got sick, and went back home. They always do. "Some doubted." But the western settlers "stay put." At any rate, they don't go back to New England. The land lies open and rolling. Flowers of blue and purple and gold and scarlet covered thick the virgin grass, a Dolly Varden of nature that was very lively and becoming. A score or so of houses dotted the slope and hollows, standing on unmarked Broadways and Central Parks, which the land agent eloquently points out with tongue and finger. A drug-store is a most noticeable structure. All these new settlements seem to have them, as if the very health everybody wishes here to get is to be found after all, or sought but never found, in the sickening compounds of an apothecary shop.

FROM DETROIT TO OAK LAKE

is a charming ride of six miles, over flowery prairies, among lovely ponds, called lakes, through dainty woods, as clean and comely as Boston Common. Could a Bostonian go farther? The view from the rise east of Oak Lake station was inexpressibly lovely. The fields rolled off to the south and west for miles, a slight ascent, just sufficient to keep the landscape in the eye. Smooth as velvet, green or black where the plough had opened the sod to the sun, dotted with delicious parks and ponds, that waved and glanced in the westerling sun. The wagoners, all westerners but one, cried out in delight, and one could not help feeling, and saying, —

"If there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!"

I never saw so perfect a picture all held completely in the eye. O, this face was fair to see.

Right where we paused, and where each minister staked out his fancied claim, we found a goodly Methodist local preacher, with his sons and sons-in-law had pitched their cabins, like Noah's, within and without, and were ready to welcome Methodist ministers. So we abandoned any claims of our own, and advise all others of our sort to do likewise; but when you get off at Oak Lake, inquire for Brother McKinstry, or Brother Wilcox, and you can have all these ocular luxuries for nothing, with those for the taste and for the soul thrown in.

We prospect for church lots. Bishop Whipple had selected his the day previous; the Congregationalists did theirs, probably, the day subsequent; and still only a half dozen log and canvas stores and hotels and saloons, make up this city. But it is to be big, bigger, biggest. A half dozen miles on, and Audubon is reached, lying low among lovely lakelets, a town of one or two log huts, and a depot, named for the daughter of the ornithologist, who visited the road last year. Hawley comes next, a staked out claim town, with only a station, then Muscodah, or meadow, as Hiawatha prettily puts it, changed to the less lovely Yeovil, to accommodate the homesickness of an English Colony that has taken entire possession of its six miles square. This

ENGLISH COLONY

is a new feature in our later colonizations. Ever since the Revolution the British have been shy of America. They have come over since in ones and twos, but not in bands. They came before in hundreds and thousands. They did not forgive us for setting up for ourselves, and so poured out their overflow to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and everywhere but America. But this colony betokens a change. The Alabama treaty melts the ice, and British emigration begins to flow in a full stream to its original sea. This emigration resembles the earliest on these upper latitudes in another particular. It is conducted by a Congregationalist minister. As the Connecticut colonists were led into that wilderness by the shepherd of the flocks, so Rev. Mr. Rogers shepherds his not unwilling flock to these green pastures and still waters. A thousand persons are on their way. Three towns have been bought. Eighteen square miles for their occupancy; others are preparing to follow, and Britain is returning to her old love and old home.

I met several of the gentlemen that were locating the lands, — real Englishmen, dialect, pluck, beer, roast beef, and all. It was hard always to keep the peace, though each side strove hard to do so. Their leader said to the land agent, "The reason why you wanted the Alabama treaty was, because you didn't dare to fight." The blood flushed into the Yankee's face, and a retort leaped from the lips. He risked the whole experiment rather than take that. The English gentleman said he had overstepped and followed the example of his nation, and gracefully backed down, giving as his damages, four dollars an acre for some twelve thousand acres, as good compensation as his late royal mistress has given, especially since these twelve thousand acres didn't cost the railroad a cent. The fifty thousand is better than the fifteen millions. They will make excellent settlers, and add a sturdy, powerful, and superior element to our western civilization.

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THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON.

A writer in the HERALD recently commenced his article with the following sentence: "It is highly improbable that the final triumph of the Gospel will be achieved without an extreme effort of the whole Church. The great battle of Armageddon may last a century, and during that time of trial, the energies of the Church may be taxed as severely as those of our nation were during our terrible Rebellion."

In view of this remark, may it not be profitable to inquire, What is this battle of Armageddon? What is Armageddon? It is generally supposed by commentators that there is to be such a battle, and that the scene of this final battle will be the famous plain of Megiddo or Esdraelon, in the centre of Palestine, to the southeast of Mount Carmel, between the ancient city of Samaria and Nazareth. This is the view taken in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia. There is but one place in the Bible where the word "Armageddon" occurs, and that is in Rev. xvi. 16. In the Cyclopaedia, as in many commentaries, Armageddon is made synonymous with "the mountain of Megiddo." But to make Armageddon to be Megiddo is only a guess of commentators, which one has copied from the other. At least, until some further proof is given, we shall think that Armageddon is a totally distinct locality.

Besides, what proof have we that there is to be any battle of Armageddon at all? It does not really appear in the only passage where the word occurs. The 14th

verse speaks of "the battle of that great day of God Almighty." In this verse the gathered hosts are, through the agency of the "spirits of demons," who, "doing signs," gather "the kings of the land, and of the whole inhabited earth" to battle. Then, in the verse, 15th is a sudden transition to the first person singular, with no mention who the speaker is. Verse 15th appears to be put parenthetically, as if alluding to another matter, making complete sense without reference to the rest of the context, which makes complete sense without it. Now to what antecedent does ("them,") in this 15th verse, refer? Can it be the ("spirits?") No! It might be the ("kings"); or it may refer to the "saints" alluded to in verse 15, who have the promise, if they keep "the word of my patience, I will also keep thee (them) from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth."

What, then, is Armageddon? That it is the plain of Megiddo, we find not a particle of proof, or that the battle of the great day of God Almighty will be fought there. That it is a locality there can be no doubt, and that there is to be a gathering there of some sort, seems equally plain. It is evident enough that that gathering is to follow the coming of the Lord as a thief, under the sixth vial (v. 15). If so, it probably has reference to the saints, and not to the kings of the earth, mentioned in verse 14. But may not the etymology of the word afford us light? It is expressly declared to be a Hebraistic phrase, composed of two parts, Ar, and Mageddon. "That the Greek Ar," says a distinguished critic (Reinke), "stands for the Hebrew Har, which signifies 'a mountain,' is so plain that it may be taken for granted." We have, then, the mountain of Mageddon. But what is Mageddon? "It is evidently a participial form, although it is no regular derivative, and nowhere occurs in the Hebrew Bible, as such. It may be derived either from the verb *magad*, which means 'to be precious, costly, glorious,' or else, which is more likely, from the verb *gadad*, which is the Hithpael, signifies 'to assemble.' Armageddon, then, may be translated either 'the mount of assembling,' or 'the mount of glorious gifts.'"

Dr. Clarke, in his note on Rev. xvi. 16, speaks of the meaning of Armageddon in this manner: "The original of this word has been variously formed, and variously translated. It is har megiddon, 'the Mount of the Assembly;' or chormah gedehon, 'the destruction of their army;' or it is har megiddo, 'Mount Megiddo.' . . . But what is the battle of Armageddon? How ridiculous have been the conjectures of men relative to this point? Within the last twenty years this battle has been fought at various places, according to our purblind seers and self-inspired prophets! At one time it was Austerlitz, at another Moscow, at another Leipsic, and then again at Waterloo. And thus they have gone on, and will go on confounding and being confounded." And to these confounding and confounded conjectures may be added one that this battle "has a typical reference to the sorrows and triumphs of the people of God under the Gospel."

Dismissing then, for the present, all further criticism on Armageddon, and with it dismissing forever the idea of any battle being associated therewith as a mere empty hypothesis, let us pursue briefly the idea of "battle" referred to in the sentence we quoted at the head of this article. That there is to be such, we fully believe. That it will or "may last a century," I have no belief at all. That it will be a literal battle, in a military sense, I no more question. That it will have some relation to the "Mount of Assembly," Armageddon, where God's saints will be congregated, I have no manner of doubt. And that "the battle of the great day of God Almighty" is to be that final conflict with antichrist, in which the Lord with the saints will engage, whom he will marshal at the Mount of Assembly, I cannot question.

But where is that "battle" to be fought? The Bible alone can determine. Many passages indicate the place. I can quote but few. A noticeable one is Isaiah xxxiv. 5, etc. I quote from Delitzsch's translation: "For my sword has become intoxicated in the heaven; behold it comes down upon Edom, and upon the people of my ban to judgment. The sword of Jehovah fills itself with blood, is fattened with fat, with blood of lambs and he goats, with kidney-fat of rams; for Jehovah has a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Edom. And buffaloes fall with them, and bullocks, together with bulls; and their land becomes intoxicated with blood, and their dust fattened with fat, for Jehovah hath a day of vengeance, a year of recompense, to contend for Zion. And the brooks of Edom are turned into pitch, and its dust into brimstone, and its land into burning pitch. Day and night it is not quenched; the smoke of Edom goes up forever; it lies waste from generation to generation; no one passes through it forever and ever. And pelican and hedge-

hog take possession of it, and ear-owl and raven dwell there; and He stretches over it the measure of tohu and the level of bohu." A parallel passage in Jeremiah xxv. 33, reads thus: "The slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth; they shall not be lamented, neither gathered nor buried; they shall be dung upon the ground." Isaiah tell us (Isaiah lxvi. 23, 4), "All flesh shall come to worship before me, from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, saith the Lord. And they shall go forth and look upon the carcases of the men that have transgressed against me; for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." In Rev. xiv. 20, we read that when the great wine-press of the wrath of God was trodden, it was "without the city," and that the blood came even "unto the horses' bridles (three and a half or four feet deep), by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs." If this is square measure, the extent would be about twenty-five miles; but if not, the sea of blood would extend two hundred miles, which would include ancient Edom, and reach to the north, even beyond Jerusalem.

We could refer to other passages, to Ezk. xxxv., to Jer. xlix. 21, to Mal. iv. 1, where Edom is called "The people against whom the Lord hath indignation forever."

Then there is that famous dramatic passage, which no careful reader will apply to Calvary, which speaks exclusively of "the day of vengeance"—the Redeemer, with garments dyed with blood, from trampling on his enemies in the fury of His wrath, is seen coming from Edom, and from "treading the wine-press—ever a symbol of wrath in the Bible—in Bozrah."

In numbers, xxiv. 18, in Balaam's great summary, it is written, "Edom shall be a possession;" and again, verse 23, "Alas, who shall live, when God doeth this?"

Deborah and Barak prophesied of it (Judges v. 4, 5). "Lord, when Thou wastest out of Seir, when Thou marchest out of the field of Edom, the earth trembled, and the heavens dropped; the clouds also dropped water. The mountains melted from before the Lord, even that Sinai, from before Jehovah, God of Israel."

Edom is mentioned by Daniel as existing at the time of the final antichrist, Daniel xi. 41.

So in the prediction of Joel (iii. 19), which is plainly subsequent to the prediction verified in part at the day of Pentecost, and at the time when the great day of the battle of God Almighty is graphically set forth, (verses 9-17), Edom is especially mentioned as a place of terrible judgment.

Numerous other passages might be referred to throughout the Old Testament prophecies, from Balaam to Malachi, in which, with those I have quoted, the inspired strain against Edom recurs continually.

From all this we conclude that there is no such thing as the battle of Armageddon, and that the battle of that great day of God Almighty will not take place on the plains of Megiddo, but in Edom.

OCTOBER LEAVES.

BY L. A. WHITTIER.

Not when the rainbow spans the sky
Do we alone the symbol hail,
That, long as circling ages fly,
Seed-time and harvest shall not fail.
Observant eyes the promise read
In Nature's book on many a page;
And thoughtful hearts this lesson heed—
God's goodness is from age to age.

Thus, when October paints the leaves
With all her thousand brilliant dyes,
And from the midst of piteous sheaves
The reaper's glad songs arise,
The mind attuned to sacred thought,
Renewal of the promise sees;
Around, with silent meaning fraught,
The rainbow glitters on the trees!

Unlike the evanescent beam
With which the bows of promise glow,
These deepening tints more brightly gleam,
And still an added splendor show.
Through the delicious, golden days
That mark the Indian summer's reign,
The gorgeous pageant charms our gaze,
And spurs to thought the musing brain.

The fading leaf! Ah, who can fail
Of human life the type to see!
But shall the thought our faces pale?
Nay; rather let our solace be
That, as the spring fresh life shall give,
And clothe anew the waking tree,
So shall our bodies one day live,
And dwell forever, Lord, with Thee!

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

At a late missionary meeting held by the Primitive Methodists of England, Joseph Middleton, esq.; who presided, gave in his opening address, as reported in the

Primitive Methodist, his recollections of the early sacrifices and labors of the ministers of this devoted people:

"The salary of a married missionary was then only £9 2s. (\$45) per quarter, or 14s. per week, with an addition of 1s. per week for each child. The unmarried missionary received as his full allowance £3 10s. (\$17) per quarter; and beyond these sums there was nothing allowed for rent, furniture, board, lodging, or medical aid. And unfortunately, it happened, that if the missionary had acquired the habit of smoking, and was unable to produce a physician's certificate in justification of the custom as necessary to health, he was subjected to a reduction of 1s. per week from his salary as a punishment for an unnecessary indulgence. I have an impression that if the mechanics of your town had lived in those days with their present feelings, and had an acquaintance with the missionaries, they would most decidedly have advised them to strike for an increase of wages. Besides, there was something singular in the missionary's dress, as required by Rule, especially when contrasted with the ministerial costumes of to-day. The preachers were recognized by the peculiarity of their attire. A low-crowned hat with a brim six inches broad, a single-breasted coat with large collar cut off square in front, plain waistcoat, small-clothes buttoned at the knees, Oxford grey stockings, a pair of strong shoes that would not require any attention from the maker for six or twelve months—his library on his back and an umbrella under his arm—these were the distinguishing features of dress in the first years of the Connection's history; and thus attired, the missionary went through the villages and towns of the country, singing the old-fashioned hymn: 'I am bound for the kingdom, will you go to glory with me?' The duties of the missionary were very laborious, and, nothing short of herculean strength could have sustained the 'wear and tear' of those early days. It was not unusual for them to walk twenty or thirty miles a day, preach three or four times, and lead a class and prayer-meeting. Yet they worked on with astonishing patience and fortitude, though every inch of the way was lined with difficulty, danger, and suffering. Many of them were lacerated with instruments of cruelty, knocked down by the ruffianism of infuriated mobs, dragged from station to station by rude hands amid the wildest curses and cruelties of their persecutors, were stripped of their clothing, besmeared with the filth of the streets, cast into loathsome prisons, and in some instances were made fast in the stocks. I have been myself given in charge of the constable for preaching the Word of God, retained for a time in custody and taken before magistrates; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonments, yet they were sustained, and their up-hill struggle was crowned with astonishing success. The worst of sinners were saved, societies were established all over the country, and the members of the Connection for some time were increasing at the rate of eight or ten thousand a year. It was in those days that the nucleus was formed of a great and prosperous community of Protestant Nonconformists, and I thank God that I have lived to see the small Church of forty years ago, become an army of 161,000 devoted Christians, and the few scattered missionaries increased into a body of near 1000 devoted ministers. While Sabbath-schools for the young have been organized and increased until we have now a body of 290,000 taught in these institutions the way to heaven. And now my prayer to God is that He would bless these nurseries of the Church, save the rising generation, and make the thousands of our Sabbath scholars pillars in His Church, to go out no more forever."

Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander wrote to a friend: "As I grow old as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers. The door at which these influences enter, which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of good society. By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves, like the Eddystone Light-house. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little but, decidedly, above the *par* of the religious world around us. Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not the way of self-denial and sacrifice, and cross-bearing, which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offense of the cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us."

A NEW USE FOR THE DOXOLOGY.—A good deacon, who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing 'Old Hundred.' I don't know how it is, but the psalm-tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

I have had a view in my sickness that I never had before, representing those opiates which have kept me in a dose at least, when I ought to have been broad awake. Art and sciences, literature, curiosities, news, and even nonsense, have wasted hours and days; and that while I had a most important charge to be executed. — Cecil.

The Family.

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day — been to a stylish one — And seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done; You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;

The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray. I had on these course clothes of mine — not much the worse for wear —

But, then, they knew I wasn't one they call a millionaire; So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door: 'Twas bookless and uncushioned, a reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine; They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine; I thought that wasn't exactly right to seat him up so near, When he was young, and I was old, and very hard to bear.

But, then, there's no accountin' for what some people do; The finest clothing now-a-days, oft gets the finest pew; But when we reach the blessed home, and undefiled by sin, We'll see wealth begging at the gate, while poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon I sat so far away; So through the hours of service, I could only "watch and pray;"

Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting near me, 'round about; Pray that God would make them pure within as they were pure without.

While I sat there, lookin' all around upon the rich and great, I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggar at the gate; How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold, And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.

How, at last the rich man perished, and his spirit took its flight From the purple and fine linen, to the home of endless night; There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky, "It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old; Then returned home from their worship with a head uplifted high,

To spurn the hungry from their door with naught to satisfy.

Out! out! with such professions; they are doing more to-day To stop the weary sinner from the Gospel's shinin' way Than all the books of infidels; than all that has been tried Since Christ was born in Bethlehem — since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet how very grand — The shells in ocean caverns — the flowers on the land — He glides the clouds of evening with gold-light from His throne. Not for the rich man only; not for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man, because of lack of gold?

Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old? A heart with noble motives — a heart that God has blest — May be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I'm old — I may be childish — but I love simplicity; I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's piety; Jesus told us in His sermon, in Judea's mountain wild, He that wants to go to heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife — our hearts are beatin' slow —

In a little while the Master will call for us to go; When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with joyful eyes, We'll see no stylish worship in the temple of the skies.

SUSPENSE ABOUT SUSPENDERS.

When I was a well grown boy, being away from home for a vacation, I very naturally broke one of my suspenders. I immediately took possession of an extra pair that my father was using for another purpose, without so much as saying, "by your leave." When he discovered it, he bade me return them to their former use. He then added, "I do not like to have you take possession of my things in this arbitrary way. It has already bred a bad habit in you. But I know that you need suspenders, and you can have them, when you are willing to ask for them."

But I had long cultivated a false independence and refused to ask properly for things I needed. I had fixed on a way of my own for getting helped at table, and instead of asking for things with an expression of thanks, I had resolved that a statement of my wants, as "I would like some butter," was as far as I could bring myself to go.

I could not, therefore, ask for the suspenders, and contented myself with the remaining one. It was, I assure you, a great annoyance to me to have my pants hung on me in that lop-sided manner, and a great grief to my father that I should be so obstinate.

About five weeks after this, my father had a plain talk with me about my folly, his anxiety to give me what I needed, and the wretched habit I was strengthening. Told me it would prevent my getting things I needed from God; for they could only be had by asking for them.

I frankly told him I hated to give in after I had held out so long. He only said, it was easier, than after I had held out longer. Still, I was not ready. And as my one suspender was tearing off the top of my trousers, I changed it over to the other button. Father said I could not be allowed to tear my clothes in that manner, and sent me to get a tow string for another sus-

pender. It cut my shoulder so bad for a week that I brought myself to say, when he had given me some money for another purpose, "I am sick of wearing these old strings, and I think it high time I had some decent suspenders. Can't I take this money and get some?" He simply said, "you know you can have them, when you frankly and squarely ask for them. But you know that this hinting in a round-about way is not what is required."

Then I got mad, and declared it was a mean shame, that I was an abused boy, and other splutterings of wrath that were in accordance with my state of temper.

About this time it became necessary to buy me a new suit of clothes. And I gave myself and my father the immense chagrin of trying them on before the dealer, with those old strings over my back. I tried my best to conceal them, but it was with very doubtful success. I felt like the boy with the fox under his cloak. I tried to keep my face straight, but it gnawed my very vitals.

Finally, I went to father when he was asleep, and said, "Father?"

He opened his eyes and said, "well?"

"I would like some suspenders," said I. He paused a moment, and then said, "I think you might have phrased that request better, but you will find a pair in that upper drawer."

I went to it, and took out a nice new pair, that had been lying there, nearly all the time that I had been sawing my shoulders with those old strings. I felt heartily ashamed of myself. He had the thing I wanted all ready provided, was anxious I should enjoy it; grieved over my loss of comfort and temper, while I was keeping him and myself out of a pleasure.

I have since learned that God has blessings all ready provided, all sorts of suspenders. He yearns to give them to us, is sorry for our toiling and hurts; but we go on sawing our shoulders, tearing our tempers, losing infinite blessings, bearing infinite burdens, and grieving our Father, all because we will not ask for suspenders.

H. W. W.

THE ATHEIST AND THE FLOWER.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France, he put a man by the name of Charney into prison. He thought Charney was an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty. Charney was a learned man, and as he walked to and fro in the small yard into which his prison opened, he looked up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, and to the moon and stars which He ordained, and exclaimed, "All things come by chance!" One day, while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground near the wall. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion to his thoughts. No other green thing was within his enclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it here?" was his natural inquiry. As it grew, other queries were suggested. "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stock, neither too near one another nor too much on one side?"

In his loneliness, the plant became the prisoner's teacher, and his valued friend. When the flower began to unfold, he was filled with delight. It was white, purple, and rose-colored, with a fine, silvery fringe. Charney made a frame to support it, and did what his circumstances allowed to shelter it from pelting rains and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had been written by him upon the wall just above where the flower grew. Its gentle reproof as it whispered, "There is One who made me so wonderfully beautiful, and He it is who keeps me alive," shamed the proud man's unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that "He who made all things is God."

But God had a further blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard, whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The girl was much pleased with Charney's love for his flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailor. The story of the prisoner and his flower passed from one to another, until it reached the ears of the amiable Empress Josephine. The Empress said, "The man who so devoutly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man;" so she persuaded the Emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home, and carefully tended it in his own greenhouse. It had taught him to believe in God, and had delivered him from prison.

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

RATS IN THE HENNERY. — A lady who has a number of fine hens to which she had devoted a good deal of care and attention during the winter, in hopes of obtaining an early and a fair crop of fresh eggs, was surprised at the meagre result actually reached. The hens made noise, in singing and cackling, enough for every-day layers, and yet only occasionally did she get an egg. The lady at length determined to watch operations and ascertain if possible the cause of the failure. She saw the hens go upon the nest, but if she was not present when they came off, no egg was found. At length constant watching and waiting solved the mystery. A day or two since, while on the watch, a hen came off the nest and commenced cackling. Almost

instantly an old rat came out of a hole, and running into the barrel, which was thrown down on its side, and in which the hen's nest was, at once nosed the egg out upon the ground, then lay down upon its back, and getting the egg between its fore paws and nose, commenced squealing, when two other rats came out, and taking the rat with the egg by the hind legs, dragged it, egg and all, into the hole. The lady affirms that she can substantiate the foregoing fact by at least three witnesses.

NEIGHBORS RECONCILED. — Two merchants of the same city, being neighbors, and jealous of each other, lived in a scandalous enmity. One of them, entering into himself, submitted to the voice of religion, which condemned his resentments. He consulted a pious person, in whom he had great confidence, and inquired of him how he should manage to bring about a reconciliation.

"The best means," answered he, "is what I shall now indicate to you. Whenever any person shall enter your shop in order to purchase, and you have not what suits him, recommend to him to go over to your neighbor."

He did so. The other merchant being informed of the person by whom these purchasers came to him, was so struck with the good offices of a man whom he considered his enemy, that he repaired immediately to his house to thank him for it, begged his pardon, with tears in his eyes, for the hatred he had entertained against him, and besought him to admit him among the number of his best friends. His prayer was heard, and religion closely united those whom self-interest and jealousy had divided.

A clergyman once said: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for my Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that my Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

God often denies His children what He gives to others; but He never denies them His love.

THANKSGIVING. — Once more the season of Thanksgiving day has come round, and never had America, as a nation, greater cause of thanking the Giver of good gifts, than now, being so specially favored among the nations of the world. The following is the President's Proclamation: —

Whereas, The revolution of another year has again brought the time when it is usual to look back upon the past, and publicly thank the Almighty for His mercies and His blessings; and,

Whereas, if any one people has more occasion than another for such thankfulness, it is the citizens of the United States whose Government is their creature, subject to their behests, who have reserved to themselves ample civil and religious freedom and equality before the law; who, during the last twelve months, have enjoyed exemptions from any grievous or general calamity, and to whom prosperity in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce has been vouchsafed:

Therefore, by these considerations, I recommend that on Thursday, the 28th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship, and there make their acknowledgments to God for his kindness and bounty.

In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand, and cause the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington this 11th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1872, and of the [U. S.] independence of the United States the ninety-seventh.

(Signed)

U. S. GRANT.

By the President:

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BEREAN LESSON FOR SUNDAY, October 27. — "The Interpreter." Topic, "Thy kingdom come." Golden text, "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given."

Daniel reveals to the king his dream and its interpretation, whereby it is shown that the four ancient monarchies, the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Macedonian, and Roman, like an image of gold and silver and brass and iron and clay, were to be broken and demolished by a stone that became a great mountain, filling the whole earth, — which stone was the kingdom of Jesus Christ. This prophecy was made over six hundred years before Christ, and when the Babylonian Empire was the ruling power of the then known world. It was subdued by the Medo-Persians, who, in turn fell before the Macedonians; and they were conquered by the Romans, bringing the history down to the time of Christ, after which Rome became Christian. This prophecy will not be fulfilled till all the kingdoms of the world become the kingdom of Christ; that is, acknowledge Christ. Then the stone shall become a great mountain, filling the whole earth; hence must we still pray, "Thy kingdom come." This prophecy evidently covers the history of the human race from that time to the end. We are therefore in the latter days of its history, and can witness for ourselves the fulfillment of the prophetic vision, in the rapid spread of Christian missions, and the movement of Oriental nations towards Christian civilization.

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN THE METHODIST CHURCH, AND TWO GREAT MEN.

BY REV. THEODORE L. FLOOD.

Newmarket, New Hampshire, is an historic place in Methodism, and three great facts make it so. The first Methodist literary institution in this country was established here, in 1817. Its location was in what is now called South Newmarket, a very active manufacturing village about fifty miles from Boston, on the line of the Boston and Maine Railroad. The old building where the school was held is located on a principal street leading to the depot. It is now a private dwelling, with a small variety store, in a lower front corner room.

Father Taylor, now in heaven, whose fame has gone all over the Atlantic Ocean, and throughout the land, used to say that he received his collegiate training, in a term of three weeks that he spent in this school. During its infant days the number of students was about one hundred; many of them came from distant parts of the country. Bishop George's son, Wilson, came from Georgia; John Beachtel, from Philadelphia; Amos Binney, Wm. McCoy, Samuel Blake, and others, from different parts of New England. For those times it was a successful school, and a very popular place for boys and girls to get their rudimentary training in letters. Its stay at this place was short.

The increasing demands for education among the people, led those who possessed the power, to settle it in a more central location. Wilbraham, Mass., was selected as the place, and it was removed in about seven years from the time it was established. It was under the efficient leadership of Moses White, and Dr. Ruter for its first presidents at Newmarket, and Dr. Fisk as its first chief at Wilbraham. These men were followed by worthy successors, and the institution has built up a character and reputation of a high order, and its prospects for greater usefulness and abundant success are continually brightening.

If you will now go back and start from this old seat of learning, and pass up through the neat and handsome village nestled on the side of a hill until you reach the cemetery, you will find high upon the grounds a monument to the memory of Rev. John Brodhead. A Pennsylvanian by birth, a Nev. Englander by adoption, a Methodist of the early sort, a man who worked hard, and wrought well in his day for his race and Church, by leading people to Christ, and organizing churches. This town had its charms for this good man. Inland it is, to be sure. But just far enough from the seashore to have the east winds well tempered by passing twelve miles or more, through woods, over fields, hills, and vale, before it reaches the streets and homes of the village. Here he bought a house on the main street facing the morning sun. Good enough for the best of men, of which he was one. Though he has been laid away in the earth since April, 1838, his widow still lives in the old homestead. She is small in stature, with a contented countenance. Bowing in form under the weight of ninety years, that do not seem to rob her of the aggressive spirit that characterized the women of the Methodist church in the early days. She is an active advocate of temperance, attends camp-meeting, and by a peculiar tact, raises funds to help forward work in the Methodist church where she regularly attends public worship.

Few men who have served the Methodist church in New Hampshire, have done more to conquer the bitter prejudices of the worldly, and of other denominations leveled against his Church than Rev. John Brodhead. The high estimate placed upon him as a large-hearted and generous-souled man by the people, is seen in his election as Councilor in the Governor's cabinet, as chaplain of the House of Representatives at Concord, and as a Representative to Congress for four years. These marks of appreciation were made at a time, in the history of the Methodist church in New Hampshire, when its members were persecuted for holding their peculiar form of religion, rather than crowned with honors by the mixed multitude of sinners and saints. The Congregationalist was the State Church. The act of toleration, known as the act for tolerating other religious sects, was passed by the Legislature at this point in Mr. Brodhead's life, he having thrown his influence in its favor. This fact contributed to his notoriety outside of his own denomination. But it was the force of the man's character. His individuality, that shone out most prominently, and made him a chosen son in a day when religious sects were in conflict, and his Church despised of men.

He filled the office of Presiding Elder several times when his District work stretched over half the territory in New England. He was a member of the first General Conference held in the Church, and was looked upon as a representative man in his denomination. In new fields where the coming footfalls of the Church

were to sound on the ears of the world. A blessing that was blest, and yielded blessings was Rev. John Brodhead. His memory is like ointment poured forth.

[The remainder of this interesting sketch we are forced to defer to next week.]

The *Northwestern* says:—"Bishop Haven has been literally a Northwestern bishop this autumn. Beginning with the German Conference, he held next the order the West Wisconsin, the Minnesota, and the Wisconsin Conferences. He was everywhere looked for as the 'radical bishop,' but his hosts are now pondering over the new definition of the word 'radical' apparently imposed by his visits. Many are now forced into the belief that he is not such a terrible radical man after all, or that he this fall held his reputed characteristics in abeyance. He has ever presided with impartiality, dignity enough, and with manifest zeal for the Lord's house. His earnestness is contagious, and both his wise administration and his warm ministrations have infused their bracing stimulus into the hearts of hundreds of preachers and thousands of people. We congratulate in advance the Conferences opposite whose title his name appears in future plans of Episcopal visitation."

Bishop Foster was present at the love-feast of the California Conference, and spoke of his early experience. He was licensed to preach when but thirteen and a half years old. He said:—

"I entered the ministry when but seventeen years of age. My life and energies have been given without reserve to the ministry. Four years ago my daughter, the first-born of our house, was taken up in a cloud of glory; a few months after, the mother was also taken to the same blessed home. Since that time I have lived at the gate of the celestial world, having no happiness but preaching Christ."

As soon as the Bishop had finished, a brother in his 84th year arose, and said that he had heard a little exhorter forty years ago, whose name was Foster. The exhortation had produced fruit. It was blessed to the salvation of one who was a backslider. That man and his family are still in the way of life. That little boy, whose name was Foster, he had just heard, give his testimony in the love-feast. — *Western*.

A POINTED PRAYER.—At the opening of the Supreme Court at Farmington, Camp-meeting John Allen made the opening prayer in a peculiarly characteristic vein. The following is an extract:—

"Lord, help us to pray for the lawyers. Thou knowest they have abundant need for prayer. They try too often to make a good case out of a bad one, and a bad case of a good one. O Lord, help them to be honest; and help too the witnesses. Thou knowest, O Lord, that they sometimes stretch the truth, and keep back what ought to be made known. Help them, O Lord, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Our Book Table.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA. Compiled and Arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This is the last volume issued of the "Illustrated Library of Travel and Adventure, now in the course of publication. It is the best series of volumes for family reading ever published in this country, with the exception of "Harper's Family Library," the plates of which were consumed in the great fire. The whole series is ably edited by Mr. Taylor. This volume is compiled from the voluminous travels of Moffat, Livingstone, and others. It is illustrated with maps, and more than twenty good woodcuts. It is full as interesting, and a thousand times as wholesome, as a work of fiction, however good its moral. Buy the book, and it will win the children to solid reading.

SMALL POX; The Predisposing Conditions, and their Preventives, with a Scientific Exposition of Vaccination. By Dr. Carl Both. Second Edition. Boston: Alexander Moore. This small treatise of 80 pages is the production, evidently, of a thoughtful and cultivated physician. He differs from the faculty generally in his estimate of the value of vaccination, and of its real effect upon the human system. The writer's theory is that the great predisposing cause of small pox is the absence of the normal quantity of salt from the blood. This theory he propounds and illustrates with great fullness of seeming facts. Experts only can judge safely of the correctness of his premises. The book, however, is interesting to the general reader.

New and cheap edition of Charnock on the ATTRIBUTES. Two volumes in one; containing 1140 large octavo pages. Price reduced to \$3.00. Robert Carter & Bros., New York. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. The testimony of the leading Christian writers of the last century to this great work upon the Divine Attributes, would seem exaggerated to one not familiar with the beauty, comprehensiveness, and force of its style, and the profuse learning it displays. Dr. Allibone, the author of the great literary dictionary bearing his own name, says of this volume, after having carefully studied it, "We consider it one of the greatest of uninspired compositions," and advises that it be read through annually. It is now presented in a handsome and cheap form.

STORIES AND POEMS BY MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—Mrs. Caroline Gilman and Mrs. Caroline Howard Jervey. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is an elegant little quarto, full of delightful pictures and more delightful stories, which charmed children a generation ago, when the much

beloved elder authoress wrote some of them, and will gratify young people of every day, who read them. It is a volume that will delight thousands of happy households.

GUIDE TO A DEVOUT LIFE; being Counsels to the Confirmed. By the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, M. A. With an Introduction by Bishop Huntington. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. This is a choice little volume for the closet, and for hours of devotion and self-examination. It is full of precious suggestions, and will aid in holy living. Young Christians should always have such a volume by their side.

ROUND ABOUT RAMBLES IN LANDS OF FACT AND FANCY. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Our young readers will revel in this very handsome duodecimo of four hundred pages. It is illustrated with hundreds of very fine wood engravings. It recounts all the marvels of the sea and the land, and of many strange works of art. It is more interesting than any story, and much more profitable. We shall ask our publisher to send it to any young reader who may obtain for us three new subscribers. Now, hurry and get them.

HAD YOU BEEN IN HIS PLACE. By Lizzie Bates. New York: Carter & Bros. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. A very interesting and well-written story, with the principal scenes laid in the events of the late German and French war. It is intended to illustrate the true object of a liberal education, and opens with the graduation of a young man from college.

ONLY NED, OR GRANDMA'S MESSAGE. By Jennie M. Drinkwater. New York: Carter & Bros. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. This is an interesting and profitable story, illustrating the truth that God calls us to the honorable work for which we seem to have special adaptation as he does the minister to preaching the Gospel. It is well and pleasantly written, and full of wholesome counsels.

TOUTON AND PUSSEY. KITTY'S ROBINS. Two very pretty books for the youngest readers, in large type, with pleasant pictures. They are written by Joanna H. Mathews, and are published by Robert Carter & Brothers, and are for sale by Gould & Lincoln in Boston.

MAGAZINES.

The *Contemporary Review* for September is a valuable number, containing, The Study of Sociology, by Herbert Spencer, No. 5; Anglo-Catholicism, by the Right Rev. Alexander Ewing, D. C. L.; Bishop of Argyle and the Isles; Twenty-three Sonnets from Michael Angelo, by J. A. Symonds; The Education of Irish Gentlemen, by the Rev. J. M. Capes; Mr. G. H. Lewes on Schelling and Hazell, by J. Scot Henderson; Church and State in Discord, by the Rev. Orley Shepley; The International, Addressed to the Working Classes, by the late Joseph Mazzini, Part II.; The Law of Modesty in Art, by Matthew Browne; French Protestantism, by the Rev. John Hunt.

The *American Review*, October, Herder, I. by Karl Hillebrand; The German World of Gods, by Karl Blind; Niccolini's Anti-Papal Tragedy, W. D. Howells; American Novels, by T. S. Perry; Kristofer Jason, and Reform of the Norwegian Language, Hjalmar Bjorth Boyesen; Political Campaign of 1872; by the editor a full critical miscellany.

The *Ladies' Repository* for October has two fine steel engravings—one, representing a rising storm, called A Summer Cloud; the other, a domestic scene, called Happy Times. The literary contents are, Ancient and Modern Sisterhoods; Out of the Highways in the Fatherland; A Dark Record; The Dead in Christ; A Reverie; Mr. Rudd, the Workingman; Visit to the Guajiro Indians of Maracaibo; The Guide of the Alps; The Higher Education of our Girls; Under the Snow; The New German Empire; The Woman's Rights Village; Goldsmith as a Social Man; The Chinook Jargon, and the Oregon Indians; Good Manners; Through the Fire to God; Over and Gone; Hallow all Things. Besides this extensive table of contents, there is the Children's Repository, and the Editorial Department. The latter is full, and of an exceedingly interesting character.

Littell's Living Age for the weeks ending October 12 and 19, contain, Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal, from *The Edinburgh Review*; George Eliot, *Contemporary Review*; The Lesson of the St. Bartholomew, *Pall Mall Gazette*; Relics, *Saturday Review*; Danish Expedition to the Faroes, *Nature*; The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, *Athenaeum*; Novels and their Times, *Macmillan's Magazine*; The Method of Asiatic Conquest, *Spectator*; Lauzun, *Cornhill Magazine*; Melting and Regelation of Ice, *Nature*; The Cutting of the Nile, *Pall Mall Gazette*; The Potato Disease, *Nature*; Life of Madame de Lafayette, *Blackwood's Magazine*; The Philosophy of Court Life, *Pall Mall Gazette*; with installments of the new story from the Dutch, The Burgomaster's Family, translated by Sir John Shaw Lefevre, and Off the Skelligs, by Jean Ingelow; besides shorter articles and poetry.

The October number of *The Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Eclectic* presents the following table of contents: Patristic Views of the Two Genealogies of our Lord, by Frederic Gardner, D. D.; The Progress of Christ's Kingdom in its Relation to Civilization, by Samuel Harris, D. D., LL. D.; On the Man of Sin, by Professor Henry Cowles; Revelation and Inspiration, by the Rev. E. P. Barrows, D. D.; Infant Baptism and a Regenerated Church Membership Irreconcilable, by the Rev. W. H. H. Marsh; The Influence of the Pulpit, by the Rev. John Bascom, D. D.; The Three Fundamental Methods of Preaching—Preaching Extempore, by Professor Edwards A. Park; Notes on Egyptology, by the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., LL. D.; and Book Reviews. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The *Galaxy* for October has, The Dutch at Home; Hope; The Way of the World; Gregory VII.—King of Kings; The Twins; Buttercups and Ball Bouquets; Sunrise in the Alps; Are Americans less Healthy than Europeans? Publishers and Authors; Poussin and His Master; The Eustace Diamonds; My Friend—My Friend; Venice; Apartment to Let; From the German of Heine; Saved from the Mormons; The King of Terrors Discrowned; Fiel a la Muerte; One of My "By-gones;" Drift-wood; and Scientific Miscellany.

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THE HERALD.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 24, 1872.

THE MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN.

It has opened for this year auspiciously in the Preachers' Meeting of this city. An animated discussion followed an eloquent address of Dr. Clark, Presiding Elder of Boston District, on the means requisite to awaken fresh enthusiasm in this great branch of Christian enterprise, and the debate was happily rounded off by an admirable, instructive, and very suggestive speech from Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of the India Mission. A committee was appointed to bring the whole subject more definitely before the meeting, by recommending for consideration such advanced movements as seem to be called for at the present hour in prosecuting the work of the world's evangelization. This Committee reports next Monday.

In the days of Charles Pitman, of blessed memory, and in the earlier years of the Secretaryship of Dr. Durbin, a marked enthusiasm, especially in behalf of Foreign Missions, was excited throughout the denomination, and New England shared largely in this awakening. The missionary collections arose very rapidly in amount, and reached their climax just about the opening of the war. From this point there has been no noticeable advance, neither has there been any serious retrogression. Taking into account the new societies, embracing a portion of the home work of the old organization, — the Church Extension and Freedman's Aid Society, — there has been quite a considerable addition to the annual gifts of our people towards the work of evangelization.

That there has been no serious falling away in contributions, is an evidence that enthusiasm had crystallized into principle, and that without moving appeals from almost inspired men, the Church had deliberately placed the extension of the Master's kingdom upon its regular list of annual bestowments, to be as faithfully met as the local support of the Gospel in any vicinity, or as any other positive claims upon the income of a Christian disciple.

That this would not be enough to perpetuate the work already attempted, and to meet the constantly expanding calls of an aggressive Gospel in all our mission stations, any thoughtful person can see upon a moment's reflection. The whole income since the war has been annually expended, and few new positions have been secured. To simply keep up with the natural growth of any missionary agency, there must be an annual enlargement of its force and facilities; and as Christ triumphs when faithfully preached, openings must constantly be expected for which increased means must be provided. We have never been adequately manned on any foreign post. In two or three positions we have been baffled and defeated on this very account. In our most prosperous fields, we are failing to avail ourselves of the opportunities a good Providence is constantly opening before us, and with our limited supplies we are now wearing out, in a most uneconomical manner the faithful laborers we have placed in the field, by overwork. All our prosperous

missions want still larger reinforcements than they have lately received. The fields are white, but the laborers are few. In some way a new infusion of evangelical ideas into the minds of Christian men and women must be secured, and a tide-wave of holy "enthusiasm of humanity" must be made to roll over their sensibilities and affections, in order to bring up their gifts to any adequate standard.

The dying out of the lively emotions of other days is not simply due to the silence of death which hushed the silver tones of Dr. Pitman, or the heavy hand of years and disease which have silenced the magical sentences of the eloquent Secretary whose presence among us is still a perpetual benediction. The overwhelming emotions awakened by the war, rendered almost all other interests powerless to arouse the sensibilities. All the great charities shared in the same result. Money has been given freely on principle, but it has been difficult to secure any of the enthusiastic public meetings of a former day. The anniversaries have proverbially lost their hold upon the community. The American Board is indeed a notable exception; but this is the one great social and ecclesiastical gathering of the Congregational churches for the year, and it collects within its continental compass a body of men of intellectual power, of social prominence, of well-known eloquence, and of ripe and rich personal experience, such as has no parallel in Christendom. We have more than a hundred anniversaries in connection with our Conferences; our Congregational brethren concentrate the whole in one. When from three to five thousand persons can be gathered together under religious auspices, the spiritual emotions excited must be almost overwhelming, as is almost always found to be the case at these great gatherings.

But our missionary enthusiasm has been constantly depressed by the consideration of the limited amount of money that goes to the foreign work. The money is solicited in behalf of the heathen, but is distributed upon our own shores. We need all our home missionary money, indeed, but we ought to distribute hundreds of thousands, where we now send tens, among the purely heathen fields of labor. The imagination of our people would be touched, and their sensibilities quickened if the money raised had a readier access to those who have no other means of learning of Jesus and the resurrection. We hoped the two departments would have been divided at the last General Conference, and each have been permitted to stand upon its own merits.

But now, the work is before us, and Christ looks to every man to do his duty. The work does not rest upon the shoulders of secretaries; it has a broader base; it rests upon the hearts of the ministry and membership of the Church. Our pastors have the hearts of their people in their keeping, and this greatest of all spiritual interests must not suffer in their hands. They are intelligent, familiar with the work — its results and its wants — and they are strong and eloquent to urge the claims of a crucified Lord, and of a perishing world. Let this present season be an era in the missionary movement, at least in New England, to reckon from.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

We know of no man who has written more clearly upon this subject, though others may have written more voluminously, than Mr. Wesley, with whom it was an important doctrine, as tending to preserve religion on the one hand from degenerating into formality, and on the other from running into a wild enthusiasm. He thought it a grand part of the testimony given to the people whom he had been instrumental in raising up, to bear to the world. They surely have not been unfaithful in its proclamation. They sing it in their hymns, pray it in their prayers, preach it in their pulpits, and talk of it in their social meetings, and in private life, as a thing of personal experience, that, as St. Paul wrote, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

Mr. Wesley defined this testimony of the Holy Spirit as "an inward impression on the soul, whereby the Spirit of God directly witnesses to my spirit, that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me, and given Himself for me; and that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God." Twenty years later, during which the doctrine and his statement of it underwent the severest criticism, after the fullest consideration, he saw "no cause to retract any part of this." We may safely adopt his statement, for it would be very difficult to put the true idea in a more intelligible form. It speaks to us of a direct communication by the Holy Spirit to the human soul respecting what has been done in its behalf in the court of heaven, in the way of pardon of sin, and adoption into the family of God.

The case is this: Under the influences of the Holy Spirit, which to him is made "the spirit of bondage

unto fear," a sinner is awakened to a sense of his wickedness and guilt before God, and is induced to go to him in a sincere repentance, and with pleadings for the divine mercy for Christ's sake. Such a penitent God has promised to receive and save upon the single condition of his believing in Jesus, and He fulfills His word. Now, how shall he know that he is forgiven and saved? How know what God has done for him in heaven, except he be in some way informed of it? And who shall inform him except the Holy Spirit? He has, to be sure, the faithful promises of God; but how shall he know that the faith with which he claims them is pure and genuine, and, therefore, successful? If he can receive no positive information on these points, the hopes that may arise in his mind can never be permanent or very productive of comfort, for they would, in spite of himself, be perpetually alternated with harassing fears and distressing apprehensions, unless he should settle down in a state of cheerless, stupid coldness, in his case the sister of despair. This is very different from the confident, joyous descriptions of the Christian life given us in Holy Scripture. And should he attempt to rely on what seems to him a change of heart, he cannot be sure that what he thinks to be love is that love which belongs to the saved soul; for, so far as he knows, he is still an unforgiven rebel, and he would therefore quite likely count such an experience a probable delusion. All is dark and full of discomfort in every direction but this — the Holy Spirit testifies directly to the soul of what God has done. So we sing, —

"His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

We will not deny that an eminent saint may receive a divine assurance that he shall finally gain heaven. We do believe that God sometimes directly assures his people that their intercessions are heard, as truly as he did Abraham and Moses. We will not dispute any who affirm that the Spirit has testified to their own souls of their entire sanctification. But we understand none of these things by "the witness of the Spirit" as taught by the apostle, and interpreted by Methodism. The point specially testified to is that of sonship to God, including, of course, the justification and regeneration that always accompany it.

When from this testimony we are once assured of our adoption, we may next look for the "fruit of the Spirit," love, joy, peace, and those other graces which He works in the believer. We are now speaking of the Christian of some experience, but whether one day or a score of years in the way is not material. He finds in himself the love of God, a peace of soul, a holy joy, a gentleness and meekness of spirit, a delight in the divine law, and a pleasure in fidelity to duty. All these are the fruit of the Spirit; and since one who has such fruit, is a child of God, he has a right to judge of himself that he is God's child. His consciousness cognizes correctly his mental states, or, as one might say, he feels love, peace, etc., within; and then by an act of reason he concludes as to his relation to God. He finds in his soul and in his life the marks which the Scriptures teach as belonging to God's people, and so reasons that he is one of those people. This is right, and the result is right, provided, as in all reasoning is requisite, none of the proper data be omitted, and all of them be read correctly. And here we find again the necessity of the testimony of the Spirit.

It is needful from time to time that we interrogate our own souls, and listen to their response. Indeed, if there be not the fruit of the Spirit in holy tempers and a godly life, we are none of Christ's; and what we have deemed the testimony of the Spirit is really but a fictitious dream, a delusion of the imagination. But hearing what consciousness has to say, we have need to turn from its testimony, and with uplifted souls to hear what God has to say, and in blessed, holy communion with Him to receive His Spirit into our hearts, crying Abba, Father. This is our abiding privilege, and by His witness, confirmed by our consciousness and reason as shown above, may we know that we are children of God. We fear that too many are content with the less when they may possess the first and greater. They had it once; what have they done with it? May they return to the old paths and walk therein, and so know the blessedness of the abiding with them of the Holy Spirit, directly assuring them of their interest in the Redeemer's blood. A need of the hour is a revival of this blessed doctrine in our churches, with clear expositions of it in the pulpit, the joyful experience of it in the entire body, hearty testimonies of it in the class-room and prayer-meeting, and its felt power and comfort in daily life.

THE REV. GEORGE FOXCROFT HASKINS.

Few have the special gift of understanding and managing boys. It is a happy coincidence when we find it combined with that spirit of self-denial and benevolence

which marks a man as born for others, and that rank and authority which are conferred by the ordination into the ministry of a great and powerful denomination. If that denomination be our own, we regard such a man with admiration and love; if he belong to a Church whose ascendancy we would regret, we must still admire the man, and acknowledge the good that he does. It is not ours to question the motives of a philanthropist of a different faith.

"Father" Haskins was born in Boston, April 4, 1806. He was educated in the Boston public schools, and at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1826. He entered the Protestant Episcopal ministry, and served his apprenticeship at the great business of his life as Chaplain of the House of Industry in 1830, and from 1832 to 1837, as superintendent of the House of Reformation, and still later as Overseer of the Poor and master of the Boylston Asylum. He held at times important pastoral relations in Boston and Providence.

His activity was transferred to the Romish Church, November 11, 1840. He became pastor of St. John's Church in 1842, and afterwards of St. Stephen's, in which he remained till his death. In 1851, moved by the wants of the thronging multitudes of street children at the "North End" of Boston, Father Haskins procured a small wooden frame building in Moon Street Court, and opened it — "The House of the Angel Guardian" — to the orphan, the destitute, and the unruly. For twenty-one years has he been their servant for Christ's sake, we will hope. Nearly five thousand of his beneficiaries have gone out to good homes, and trades. Not alone in menial employments are these Angel Guardian children to be found; they are lawyers, artists, musicians, and book-keepers. No man can estimate the crime, punishment, and suffering from which Father Haskins has saved the world. The little establishment in Moon Street Court, — still represented by an office near there, in North Square, — is now replaced by a spacious suburban edifice, of a half thousand capacity, in Vernon Street.

Twice, in 1854 and 1871, Father Haskins left his home work, to revisit Europe, where he had been in 1840, in order to learn and to teach in similar institutions in Britain, Belgium, France, and Italy. The results of these journeys — observations taken from a standpoint widely diverse from ours — were given to the world by Donahoe, of Franklin Street, in two small volumes, the last, — "Six Weeks Abroad," — now just from the press. It is refreshing to us to behold through a believer's eyes the wood of the true cross, and the miraculous likeness of our Saviour on Veronica's handkerchief; to see a Naples in which there are no lazzaroni, and where the lower orders are "honest, trustworthy, and industrious," the boys "seldom ragged or barefoot, the men and women almost never," and to learn of a Galileo whose astronomical novelties were rather patronized by the papal authority. And if, after reading these books we know less of Europe than when we begun them, still our new doubts are not without their value.

After Mr. Haskins' last return from Europe, he enjoyed but little more of good health. He kept about his work, however, till about a month since. He died on Saturday night, October 5, 1872. Would that he could have gone in joyful hope that he would be that day with his Saviour in Paradise, made every whit whole through faith in His name, needing no prayers for his "repose" from purgatorial flames! What a joyful surprise was his, if he opened his eyes at once in the streets of the New Jerusalem! For we all here see through a glass darkly, and the divine performance is often more than the promise in our unbelieving souls.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

DEAR OLD HERALD: — How pleasant your face in this far-off land! Always bright and inviting, it is doubly so to one anxious to know how the battle in Zion goes while he is thousands of miles away. It is only when every item is read as it will be then, that one can judge of the thought and care required to fill up a single copy of the HERALD well. How many things I would like to report, through you, to your and my many friends. Let me glean a few items. It was a pleasure to find our country so well represented, as by consuls Weaver at Antwerp, and our much loved Prof. Vail at Mannheim. Good and true men, of whom all spoke with warm admiration. Also, to reply to British critics of our ways and institutions, that Mr. Stanley is the man most honored to-day on British soil, and our Boston Motley in Holland. Mr. Cramer is also highly esteemed at Copenhagen, and there are few men more fully esteemed at Berlin than minister Bancroft. The gathering of the three great emperors, with princes, generals, diplomats and grandees by the hundred in equipage and dress so luxuriously burnished with silver, "barbaric gold, and blazing gems," was an event to be witnessed only once in a lifetime. I had a near view of them sev-

eral times, and beheld the review of Emperor William's best army at Berlin, the 7th. About 20,000 infantry in superb trim, 10,000 cavalry finely mounted, performing their elegant evolutions under the eyes of a cortege that has never been excelled. Animated by 20 bands, the glory of being Germans, after Sedan and Paris, and an ambition to shine that day, made a most imposing spectacle. Half a million people were in the streets and on the field. What city ever felt gayer or grander than Berlin in thus entertaining the heads and powers of three potent empires? It was in a blaze of flags, glory, and chivalry by day, and flashing emblems and illuminations by night. Of the political significance of the meeting I can conjecture as much as anybody. Perhaps it may develop in time to come that it is to forelay troubles and dangers from France, the Jesuits, and the Pope; to quiet the ever irritating Eastern question; to say some authoritative word in answer to the ugly questions of Internationals and Commune; but I would as soon guess that it was only a gathering of friendly powers to cultivate acquaintance and amity, and assert their satisfaction with things as they stand, and that they must remain so.

The ingratitude of those whom Protestantism has enfranchised and blest, came out last Sunday. Czar Alexander faithfully attended his own Greek Church. Emperor Joseph the Catholic as well, but Kaiser William's stall was without a royal presence in the Dom Church all the day! Time enough for drives and banquets Sunday, but time or disposition was lacking to go up to the house of the Lord, and praise Him who made and preserved them a nation. The usual gratitude and religiousness of the nations most highly blest!

The religious state of Germany is not very satisfactory. Enterprise and spirituality are at a low ebb; the churches few and thinly attended; little personal labor or Christian solicitude to save souls; prayer-meetings almost unknown; the Sabbath secularized; wine and beer drinking universal; rationalism and indifference stiffening everything with their icy breath, and the Church a satellite of the State; these are not encouraging symptoms to one conversant with zeal, enterprise, and success as exhibited in the American churches. The material and intellectual conditions are sound and prosperous. O, how many pray that her soul's health may equally prosper! There are wise and learned theologians here, — brilliant and eloquent preachers, — and many good earnest Christians; but O, what a boon to Germany would be revivals such as Methodism has made the source of her life, and the chief weapon of her warfare. Revivals of pure religion, these are the normal, pressing need of the continental churches. Without them they wane and die.

I have room to speak but a word of my visit to that great, mighty, cosmopolitan London, the home of more people than all New England; of boundless wealth and beauties, poverties and deformities; or of the dear little Dutch land, stolen by the burghers from the sea — so level and prosy on its surface — so grand and heroic in its history, especially its eighty years struggle with Spain and popery: or of the charming ride up the Rhine, winding among vine-clad hills, jeweled with antique castles, and lovely in every nook.

Germany is richly farmed in every part. No fences, hedges, or buildings circumscribe the view, or mar the landscapes. Far as the eye can stretch, level fields spread out like cultivated gardens, their green carpets, and golden harvests, and men and women are busy gathering and putting in the crops. Health and contentment seem widely enjoyed, though wealth is not much diffused. Emigration is so large as to excite inquiry as to cause and remedy among the authorities of many provinces.

If I were to attempt a description of the galleries, museums, palaces, parks, aquaria, etc., which I have seen, pictures, statues, jewels, etc., Solomon's account of making many books would be fulfilled. These old lands abound in art treasures, which ages cannot supply the young continent. But I am prouder of our people, their intelligence, manliness, enterprise, and refinement; the diffusion of wealth, power, and honor among the people; the constitution and laws which regulate while they perpetuate liberty; and their religious purity and zeal, than I would be to own all the cabinets, royalties, and palaces of Europe.

The old Stars and Stripes thrill me as they bring me and home so near together every time I see them. Long wave Columbia's banner!

A. J. C.

We referred sometime since, in an editorial, to a bitter controversy instituted by the Roman Catholic clergy of New York city, against the administration of the House of Refuge, which has been placed, by its act of incorporation, in the hands of a body of Christian gentlemen, elected originally by subscribers to its funds.

The most serious and unfounded charges were urged in certain daily papers against its officers. A formal examination was had by a Committee of the State Board of Charities, one member of which was Dr. Ordronaux, Professor in the Law School of Boston University. The examination was protracted and thorough, and resulted in an unqualified refutation of every charge of mismanagement, or cruelty. Their decision, with a very calm and able report of the managers themselves, has been published in a pamphlet form, and will be valuable hereafter for reference. Of these documents the New York Evangelist says: —

"This report is a most surprising document, not for its ample vindication of the management of the institution, but for its humiliating exposure of the origin and animus of the attempt to wrest the institution from its present control.

"In the course of the investigation many witnesses were examined, and much documentary evidence was introduced. The fullest opportunity was given for bringing to light all the facts of the case. The result was that what we may call the prosecution, supported by a Jesuit priest, two counsel, and a civil justice, found themselves weak on every point, and were compelled to abandon every charge except one — that the managers neglected to provide religious instruction for the inmates, etc.

"Upon his examination, the priest, Rev. J. Renaud, said that many parents of inmates were very anxious to hinder their coming to the House of Refuge because of its religion, more anxious than to keep them from the streets, bad company, and crime. On a subsequent day, speaking on the subject of religious instruction, he said, 'Give us in the Refuge the rights we have in the rest of Randall's Island, and I go security for it that instead of 618 inmates in your house you may have in a short time nearly a thousand.' Such is the power which a Roman Catholic priest dares to pledge himself to exercise through the courts and judges of this city, if the managers of the institution will submit to his dictation.

"Those who assail the management of the House of Refuge claim that a majority of the inmates are Roman Catholics. If this be so, if a single denomination furnishes more candidates for the penitentiary than all others, it seems quite evident that its claim to any special merit as a religious body in the work of reform is worse than equivocal. They might more wisely acquiesce in the counter assertion, that the fact is not as stated by them.

"It is just as well to look this matter in the face at once. There is no concession that can be made to the demands of so exclusive a system as that of Romanism, which does not yield up everything to its control. It demands what no other religious body demands. It insists on privileges which are inadmissible, unless the whole discipline and order of the institution are revolutionized, and its success in its work — so remarkable hitherto — rendered not merely problematical, but impossible.

"It is said that the inmates are anxious for a sectarian religious service. But the evidence, on the investigation, goes all the other way. But when aware, as they must be, of the outside influences which favor insubordination, and the studied attempts to prejudice public opinion against the management, it would not be strange if the elements of disorder were fostered, and the proper maintenance of discipline rendered vastly more difficult. But the parties who engage in a conspiracy to produce such results are grossly culpable, and are the last persons who are entitled to be consulted in the management of an institution which their counsels would overthrow, and which by implication, they admit they are doing their utmost to injure."

Hoyt, Fogg & Breed, publishers, of Portland, Me., have made a valuable addition to their list of books, and to the rapidly increasing literature of the Bible. They have issued in a well-published octavo, "Barth's Chronological Commentary on the Books of Scripture." The American edition is reprinted from the second English. It is one of the very valuable contributions of devout German scholars to the work of Biblical interpretation. The exposition is not so critical as it is clear, comprehensive, and particularly reverent in its tone towards the inspired Word — a rare grace among German interpreters. It is illustrated with twelve good maps. The great feature of the work, however, is its chronological arrangement of the books of the Bible. In a volume prepared to aid young students of Scripture, we have referred at length to the additional interest and light thrown upon the sacred pages by reading the poetical and prophetic books in connection with the historical records with which they were cotemporary. The best commentary upon some of the most inspiring Psalms will be found in the books of Samuel and Kings. Stanley illustrates this in his admirable work upon the "Jewish Church." We cordially commend this wholesome and scholarly volume, especially to those engaged in Sunday-school instruction. It is an invaluable addition to their library. The work is sold by subscription. Our copy was received from J. P. Magee, 38 Bromfield Street.

New attention is awakened in all parts of Christendom in relation to office and work of the Holy Spirit in the world's evangelisation. This was the great in-

aspiration of the late memorable meeting of the American Board, in New Haven, so graphically referred to by our able correspondent last week. Our dependence upon the Holy Spirit, and the need of a new Pentecost for the Church, are themes which were urged at the public services of the late English Wesleyan Conference. The Sunday-schools in England, and the United States, are now formally called to prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit upon their organizations and labors. It is an auspicious hour for the Church, and this is a very hopeful omen, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." This is a challenge to prayer for the Spirit, not by a professor of science, but by the great Hearer and Answerer of prayer himself. It is a good time to read our literature upon this theme. Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" should be widely circulated, and the later and admirable treatise by Rev. L. R. Dunn, published at our Book Room, entitled the "Mission of the Spirit," should have "free course" through our churches. It is an admirable tract for the times. An English edition has been published at the Wesleyan Conference Office, under the editorial supervision of Rev. J. Bush, and is meeting with very favorable notices. It is fervent and tender in its call upon the Church to seek the presence and baptism of the Comforter. Its careful and general perusal would, doubtless, be the forerunner of a fresh gift of the Spirit from on High.

The Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church desires an editorial endorsement of a request in another column. It speaks for itself most eloquently. It is a wide and important field that this society cultivates. The secretary should have the sympathies and best judgment of his brethren in arranging measures to make the press a greater moral power among the masses.

Tremont Temple was filled to overflowing on Sunday evening on the occasion of Bishop Simpson's sermon in aid of the Boston City Missions. The discourse, which was founded on the text, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah," etc., was delivered with the Bishop's customary power and eloquence. The financial result of the meeting was a collection in the vicinity of five thousand dollars; three of our noble laymen giving a thousand each.

The District Conference for Lynn District promises to be a live meeting. Our great Church interests, such as missions and Sunday-schools, are to be the chief topics of consideration. See the programme. It is well to give this new organization a fair trial, and there is no doubt it may be employed greatly to the advantage of our work.

In our advertising columns will be seen the announcement of Prof. Tourjée's "Tribute of Praise;" we hope every reader of the HERALD will give it a careful perusal. It is the best book of the kind now offered the public; and all who are interested in the improvement of our singing, should give it their attention. It will be recollected that this is the book we have offered as a premium for new subscribers. One copy to each new subscriber paying \$2.50.

Our churches in Beverly, Salem, and Tapleville, united with our Church in Peabody on Tuesday evening of last week, in holding a love-feast, which was one of great fervor, over 100 testimonies being given within an hour. Similar meetings are contemplated in each of these localities.

A very happy printer's error occurred in our last paper. In the notice of the late dedication in Spencer, Mass., it was said that \$1,500 were raised by the leaders for the furnishing of the church. Now the fact is doubtless correctly stated; the error is only technical. The leaders, indeed, of the Church raised the money, but these chiefs among their peers were ladies.

In the Preachers' Meeting on Monday, a series of resolutions was passed in reference to the mission work. Stirring and eloquent addresses were made by Bishop Simpson, Rev. Dr. Clark, Rev. J. M. Buckley, and others.

PERSONAL.

Prof. Melville M. Bigelow opened his lectures before the Law School of Boston University, last week, taking the hours allotted to another professor who could not, at the time, commence his own course. Prof. Bigelow, however, does not continue his instructions, in order, until a week or two hence. Like Prof. Ordronaux, of

whom we spoke a few weeks since, he is not so well known in this vicinity as his legal scholarship merits, or as he will be after he has had the opportunity of developing his culture before his University classes. Prof. Bigelow is from Michigan, the son of a leading member of the Detroit Methodist Episcopal Conference—Rev. W. E. Bigelow. He was educated at Michigan University, graduating in 1866. He studied law in his native State, and afterwards practiced in Memphis, Tenn. He is now practicing in Boston, residing in Cambridge, and holding his membership in the Harvard Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Prof. Bigelow has written several elaborate treatises, which have attracted much attention from gentlemen learned in the law, and have secured to the author, from some of them, very handsome acknowledgments of the service he has rendered to legal science. His subjects have been, life insurance (upon which theme we shall present from his pen an instructive article next week), bills and notes, and estoppel. Upon the last topic, Prof. Bigelow has prepared an exhaustive treatise of 620 pages, published by Little, Brown & Co., which has met with remarkable favor at the hands of legal experts, and of the most critical portion of the public press. We are confident that the professor will prove himself to be a successful and popular instructor. He has a fine presence, a magnetic address, and much facility in the professional chair. The law school is happy in its first corps of instructors, and they must be themselves greatly encouraged by the number and spirit of the young men attracted by their lectures.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, of Brooklyn, preached with great acceptance in Winthrop Street Church, Roxbury, Sunday forenoon and afternoon.

Prof. William Everett, son of the late Edward Everett, preached for the first time in Rev. E. E. Hale's Church, on Sunday; it was an able and scholarly sermon, in which the sophistry of the Positivists was lucidly exposed.

Rev. H. W. Warren, of the Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, received twenty members from probation, the first Sunday in October. Miss Sarah Smiley has been preaching in this church of late to crowded audiences, and with excellent results.

We are glad to learn that the health of Rev. John Mansfield has so far recovered that he is able to preach on the Sabbath. He will be glad to supply regularly at some place, or occasionally on the Sabbath, as may be desired.

Prof. Stowe, husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was stricken with paralysis on the 13th, at the house of his son-in-law, Rev. H. Allen, at Amherst, Mass.

Sir Russell Gurney, Recorder of London, was in Boston last week, and attended the session of the Superior Criminal Court.

Dr. O. H. Tiffany commenced his pastorate of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Sabbath week. Before the sermon, one of the principal Arrapahoe chiefs, was baptized and received into the Church. The Articles of Faith and Covenant were explained to him by an interpreter.

Rev. John Blakely Smith, Presiding Elder of the Americus District, and the Secretary of the South Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died of apoplexy, near Americus, Sept. 28. He was very highly esteemed.

Among the rising, if not, indeed, already risen, young lecturers of New England, Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, of East Somerville, occupies a foremost position. He possesses in an abundant measure the elements which constitute popularity, while underlying all, is an earnestness of purpose that gives firmness and force to his efforts.

Rev. J. O. Peck delivered his popular lecture, entitled "Pluck or Good Luck," at Somerville, two weeks since. He was sandwiched, in the able course arranged in that town, between Gough and the Rev. George Macdonald, and was, doubtless, not a little put upon his mettle by the contiguity of these names. The entertainment he gave the audience was received with great favor, and with repeated bursts of applause. The mayor of the city came forward to thank him, and the committee were very free in their expressions of satisfaction. Brother Peck can add a few evenings to those already arranged for the season if addressed early.

We were greatly shocked to read in the daily papers the telegraphic announcement of the death by suicide of Rev. Dr. J. F. Kennedy. We formed a very pleasant acquaintance with him during his visits last year in New York, while attending the sessions of the Book Committee, of which he was a member. He was a man of marked ability, with a clear judgment, and a strong will. In the pulpit his gifts were popular and commanding. We noticed that his domestic sorrows

were greatly upon him. *The Western Advocate* says:—

"We have known that for the last three years he has been in greatly impaired health, and at times suffering extreme mental depression. The loss of his eldest daughter, two years ago, was a terrible bereavement, and for a time there was danger that he would wholly lose his mental balance. The recent loss of his second daughter, leaving him childless, and the apparently hopeless loss of health consequent upon this, and upon disappointments in other matters, seem to have created such depression of spirits and bewilderment of mind, as to have allowed him, it is reported, to take his own life, by shooting himself with a revolver. We are too deeply pained to write more."

Free to 1873.

Nearly

THREE MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

—AND—

A Splendid Steel Engraving of Our Bishops,

to each new subscriber for ZION'S HERALD. On the receipt of \$2.50, the paper will be dated January 1, 1874. Also, a copy of the engraving will be given to each old subscriber who renews his subscription for the year 1873, by the payment of \$2.50.

All who have not paid for their paper to January 1, 1873, must pay arrears before they can avail themselves of this offer. This engraving, which is worth nearly the price of the paper, contains the portraits of the thirteen living Bishops, every likeness perfect.

The editor of the *Methodist Home Journal* speaks of it as follows: "We have now before us, from the Boston publishers, a superb work of art, which we apprehend will command the unqualified admiration and approval of all who see it. From accurate photographs, Mr. F. T. Stuart has given the likenesses of all the Bishops, with great delicacy of finish, and rare beauty of design; the price of the plate, which is 20 by 24 in size, is but \$1.50. We shall have our copy suitably framed and placed where it should be, on the walls of our 'best room.' Let our readers do likewise."

This engraving is now ready for delivery, and will be sent by mail, postage paid, to all who desire it on the conditions named.

Encouraging reports come to us from many of our preachers who have presented our offer to their people. The campaign has commenced well, and we hope every friend of the HERALD will "lend a helping hand." We earnestly hope that every reader of ZION'S HERALD will show the paper to his neighbor who does not take it, and that every pastor will see that his charge is canvassed at once. Specimen copies free.

A. S. WEED, Publishing Agent,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

The Methodist Church.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.—A Convention of the Methodist Sunday-schools, located in the southwestern part of the Boston District, was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Holliston, on Wednesday, October 16, beginning at 9 A. M., and continuing through the day and evening. Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D., Presiding Elder of the District, occupied the chair until near the close of the afternoon session, when, being compelled to leave to fulfill other engagements, Rev. R. H. Howard, of Milford, was called to preside. This brother also presented a trenchant essay on the use of lesson books in the Sunday-school, which drew out considerable discussion. The conclusion appeared to be, that topical teaching is the correct method of instruction; that lesson books are a kind of necessary evil; and that the Berean system of lessons is the best in use. Rev. Wm. Merrill, of West Medway, read an essay on "Singing for the Sunday-school," in which, by apt illustrations and striking incidents, he showed the power of music, and how it might be used to produce the best results. A series of resolutions, reported by Brother Howard, and adopted by the Convention, urged the importance of educating the children in missionary work, in temperance, and in singing; approved the Berean system of uniform lessons, and the devotion of one whole Sabbath service to the Sunday-school. In the evening, the Congregationalist and Baptist Sunday-schools, by invitation united with the Methodist to furnish a large and interested audience of children and adults, who listened with pleased attention to addresses by Rev. J. H. Mansfield, of Ashland, and Rev. B. K. Peirce, D. D. Reports presented to the Convention from schools in West Medway, Westboro', Ashland, Holliston, Mendon, Hopkinton, Franklin, and South Framingham, represented them as enjoying a good degree of prosperity.

A. O. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rev. H. B. Copp writes: "Through the blessing of God, I have so far recovered from the effects of the injury sustained in August, that I am able to resume my regular pulpit labors with a good prospect of complete recovery. My brethren in the ministry who supplied my pulpit during my absence may be sure that their kindness is appreciated. Rev. S. E. Quimby, of Exeter, has been unable to preach for several Sabbaths. May he speedily be restored to health. The Methodist church

in East Kingston has been closed for a long time, a few of the people worshipping with the society at Kingston Plains, but during the present season this house has been open for public worship. This, we understand, is mainly through the efforts of J. M. Sanborn, esq., who for so many years has fed so abundantly the multitude at Epping Camp-meeting. Rev. J. Thurston, whose health does not permit of his taking regular work, has preached for this people occasionally; so also has Brother C. A. Dayton, of Amesbury. The brethren have succeeded in gathering a fine congregation, and a large and interesting Sabbath-school, and we sincerely hope that preaching at this point will henceforth be sustained regularly. And this certainly seems the more desirable, since this is the only place in the town of East Kingston where public worship is maintained.

"Rev. H. Montgomery, of Seabrook, recently delivered an able temperance address in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Amesbury. It was of the kind calculated to arouse, and benefit, and was very highly spoken of by those who heard it. Brother M. ought to speak more frequently on this subject, and doubtless would do so if invited by his brethren in the ministry."

NASHUA.—The churches of the city are enjoying the fresh and vigorous labors of the ministry refreshed from their vacations. October 6 was a good day in the Methodist churches. A union love-feast at 9 o'clock, in the Chestnut Street Church, led by Brother Cooper, of the Main Street Church, was a season of great interest to all present. Seventy-five took part with great freedom, and the Spirit was among the people. In the evening seven were at the altar seeking pardon. In the Main Street Church eight were baptized, and fifteen received into the Church from probation, making thirty-two baptisms, and twenty-five received in full since Conference. The Sunday-school has received twenty-six new members during the last three weeks. Surely God is with His people. Nashua is quite isolated from the rest of the Conference, the appointments hereabouts being connected with no ministerial association, Sunday-school, or district meeting; so we paddle on as best we can. A Sunday-school Teachers' Meeting is contemplated for the middle of November, when we hope our city will be cheered with the presence of the genial editor of the *HERALD*.

T.

MAINE ITEMS.

Rev. J. W. Smith, pastor of the Methodist Church in Farmington Falls, and Vienna Circuit, informs us that a precious revival of religion is now in progress at Farmington Falls. Ten persons have been converted and reclaimed within a few days, and others are seeking the Saviour. Among those converted are several heads of families, which promise great usefulness to the Church. God be praised for His mercy to the little struggling band at "Farmington Falls."

The Methodist Church in Monticello have just completed a new house of worship, 50 by 36, 19 posted. It is a neat and commodious structure, on a stone foundation, built in a substantial manner, and finished in brown ash, pews and pulpit. The parish is prospering; some revival in the town, as we learn.

A deep religious interest is at present prevailing in Wilton. Rev. E. S. Adams, the pastor, informs us that recently several persons have been converted, and several reclaimed. Eleven have recently been baptized, and others are expecting to receive that ordinance soon. This society is deeply interested in the subject of the "higher life;" many of its members profess to enjoy the great blessing of "perfect love." The Sunday-school is in a very flourishing condition. Some revival in the school.

The recent destructive fire in Phillips was very severe upon some of the members of the Methodist church in that beautiful village. Mr. R. W. Soule lost his entire stock of goods, and all his household furniture, together with all the clothing belonging to himself and family. One of his children was barely saved with great exertion. Mr. Soule had no insurance, and his case is a hard one for the approaching winter, being thus broken up in his business, and left destitute of means to support his family. He tells us, however, that he is not discouraged, but that his trust is still in God who doeth all things well. It is hoped that Mr. Soule will be generously remembered in this his time of need, by many who have left Phillips for a residence in other places, as well as by the friends in his immediate vicinity. Mr. Soule was the recording steward of the Methodist Church in Phillips, and the Church records and Communion-service of the Church were burned in his store with his goods and furniture and clothing. Will not the friends from abroad (as the Society in Phillips is feeble) send on their subscriptions to purchase new books and Communion-service for the Church, and thereby encourage them in this their time of need. Please direct to Rev. Elbridge Gerry, Jr., Phillips, Maine, who is the present pastor of the Methodist Church in that place. The smallest favor will be thankfully received. "Now is the accepted time." Who responds?

Last Sabbath was a day of deep interest to the Methodist Church, at Kent's Hill. Rev. J. F. Hutchins, the pastor, baptized four young men and seven young ladies, all students of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, received six to full membership from probation, and two by letter, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to one hundred. At the evening service five of the students signified their desires for the prayers of the Church, and the meeting all through was one of great power. The school is in a highly prosperous condition. The teachers are all actively engaged for the best interest of the pupils. The President, Rev. H. P. Torsey, LL. D., who has been sick for some time past is slowly recovering. The many earnest prayers in his behalf are being heard, and answered. C.

Political demagogues from other States, some with two sets of principles, and some with none, have been braying in all our cities and villages for some months, trying to convince us that we were in great financial distress; a condition of things that nobody here knew anything about, and that our manner of living and business enterprise would not indicate. One old man, wearing an old white hat, has been especially alarming.

He had attended some kind of a convention, and got possessed with the idea that he was going to be President, and it is said that he did receive a kind of mongrel nomination. But whether in earnest or not, the nomination was real to him, and it rejuvenated him wonderfully. Though almost in his dotage, the nomination was to him what the famous "cork-leg" was to the "Rich man of Rotterdam." It set him agoing, and he quickly stumped this State, and started for the West. His friends saw by the Maine election that ruin and disaster were following his gigantic strides, and they advised and entreated him to stop, but all in vain. "The leg kept on the same as before." But despite these woes, we still live, and never, since Maine became a State, has the field of Christian and benevolent enterprise looked so encouraging as now. There is a general advance in the Church of Christ to a higher type of Christian life, and a fuller consecration to religious effort. This is seen in the increased contributions to Christian and benevolent enterprise, though these are the interests that first suffer in times of financial distress. Instances by hundreds might be referred to to show this rise in the churches, but I will name only a few.

The Methodist Church in Saccarappa, inspired by the zeal and earnestness of their pastor, Rev. S. F. Strout, have made arrangements for removing the debt that has for years been resting so heavily upon their beautiful house of worship. The Congregationalists in that village have caught the spirit, and are raising a fund of \$7,000 to thoroughly repair their church.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church in Portland, have for years been struggling with a ruinous debt, and it has seemed as if the lawyers would get their house in spite of all they could do. But they have decided the lawyers shall not have it. The little band are working nobly, and they will succeed; the "Jubilee" is near at hand for them.

In Biddeford, too, where the Methodists so nobly responded to the efforts of their former pastor, in the building of a beautiful church, the 2d Congregationalists are just completing the rebuilding of their church, at an expense of \$15,000, making it a free house. James McMullin, esq., an Episcopalian, gave them a check a few days since for \$503, to aid their enterprise. Our new building at Kent's Hill is also completed, and will be dedicated as soon as the debt is fully provided for, which is nearly done. God is setting His seal of approval to the work there. The spirit of revival is increasing, and one evening last week eleven students were baptized, and a number were received into the Church. The churches are working. The spirit of entire consecration is loosening the clutch of covetousness, and laying the gold and the silver on God's altars. W.

EAST VASSALBORO.—The Methodist Episcopal Society at East Vassalboro', Me., dedicated their new house of worship Thursday, October 10. They have one of the neatest houses in the Conference, 38x52, with bell, stained windows, frescoed, cushioned, and carpeted throughout, at a cost of \$4,100. The expense of building was assumed by ten brethren, until the sale of pews, and the credit of doing so much with so little money is due largely to Brother Doe, who superintended the work, making considerable sacrifice so to do. The brethren associated with him, tendered him a hearty vote of thanks during the services of the day. The bell, Bible, hymn-book, table for the altar, and pulpit-chair, were gifts, most of them from friends—friends in more senses than one.

The dedication sermon was by Rev. Brother Bidwell, of Worcester, Mass., and was one of much power. The following brethren took part in the services: Revs. Charles and Sullivan Bray, John Marsh, P. Higgins, Miller, Prescott, Wentworth, and Springer. Father Bray, a former pastor of nearly half a century, preached a good Gospel sermon in the evening. The pastor of the Church is Rev. Charles E. Springer, one of the most genial and sunny-hearted men in our communion, and who seems determined to leave parsonages and new churches behind him wherever he goes. J. P. H.

OXFORD.—Rev. R. Atkinson writes: "The Gardiner Ministerial Association met at Bridgton, October 7. Rev. I. G. Sprague preached a very interesting sermon from Gen. xix. 17, and inspired all hearts with a zeal for Christ, which continued through the two days of our gathering. The debates on various topics gave rise to some sharp criticisms and rejoinders, and at times became very earnest and spicy, and were listened to by many of the citizens, who seemed quite as interested as the preachers. Our social meetings occupied one hour each day, and were participated in by many of the laity of both sexes. They were seasons of unusual interest and spiritual power. Rev. A. Hatch preached the closing sermon Wednesday evening, which was full of Gospel truth and power, and left a profound impression on the audience; and thus closed the most interesting session of the Association for several years. All regretted the absence of our much-beloved and highly-esteemed Presiding Elder, Rev. Dr. Webber, who was detained by sickness. Few men in the ministry retain their vigor of mind, power in the pulpit, and efficiency in administration as does the Doctor. May the Lord restore his health, and continue his usefulness for years to come. Brother Walker, of Naples, and Brother Sprague, of Andover, are doing effective work, and are greatly beloved by their people. They are young men of deep piety and much promise."

"The Church at Bridgton are doing nobly under the pastorate of Brother Hobart. Their church debt is nearly or quite extinguished, and a prosperous future is before them. They have one of the finest churches in the district, for which they are largely indebted to their former pastor, Rev. F. Grovenor, whose financial skill engineered them through a crisis that threatened to be their overthrow. Brother Waterhouse, of Mechanic's Falls, has nearly recovered from his severe sickness, which prostrated him for six weeks, and is urging to completion the commodious parsonage that was previously commenced, and his charge is enjoying a prosperity beyond what they have seen for years. Indeed the battle for Christ is most vigorous in all this region; and the *HERALD* is greatly increasing in popularity."

NEW PORTLAND CAMP-MEETING.—Rev. W. H. Foster writes: "This second meeting for the northern part of the Readfield District commenced Monday, September 30, and closed October 5. The meeting was very respectable as to

numbers, and under the leadership of our excellent Presiding Elder, Rev. Joseph Colby, and by the blessing of God, was successful in the promotion of the interests of Christ's kingdom. The preaching was good, and seemed well adapted to the occasion. The prayer-meetings, with two or three exceptions, were held in the tents, on account of the wet and cold, and were seasons of interest and spiritual power. The Camp-meeting Association have adopted measures which will secure the permanent location of this meeting, we trust, in some pleasant and convenient grove, by purchase or lease, for a term of years, so that we can have our permanent fixtures. This will secure the confidence of the people; and having the meeting appointed at an earlier date, by the blessing of God this camp-meeting will be a great instrumentality for good to the inhabitants in all this northern region of Maine."

VERMONT ITEMS.

The State Sunday-school Convention has just been held, and was a great success. Rev. J. C. W. Cox was President, and Rev. A. L. Cooper one of the Vice-Presidents. Rev. R. Morgan was one of the Secretaries. Our Conference was unusually honored at a Vermont State Convention. The impression made by Prof. Tourjee is profound and wide-spread. May we have congregational singing-schools and congregational Sabbath singing all over the land.

Rev. P. Merrill is just elected unanimously chaplain of our House of Representatives.

The Elmore Methodist Episcopal Church was recently dedicated. On account of temporary indisposition of the Presiding Elder of St. Albans District, Rev. A. B. Truax preached at the dedication. On the same account, Rev. A. L. Cooper will preach at the dedication of the new Union Church in North Hero, which will occur within a week or two. The Elmore church is a gem of a building, located on the west side of a beautiful lake, with a mountain abruptly rising two thousand feet in front, waiting, with its capacity for a hundred echoes, the silver-toned bell some generous heart will furnish to the steeple. The North Hero church is on the shore of Lake Champlain, a beautiful bay opening before it into the broad waters. The preachers at each station must constantly be reminded of "the sea of glass."

The camp-meetings and grove-meetings report many awakened, a goodly number converted, the Church greatly advanced in boldness unto the Lord. Our ministers are working to build the spiritual house of our Lord solidly, completely, and eternally. The Holy Spirit is with us, and comforting. All praise to Jesus. D.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.—Rev. J. H. Vincent, Corresponding Secretary of the Society in question, makes the following announcement and request:—

"The Board of Managers of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold a 'conference' in New York city on Wednesday evening, October 30, for the purpose of considering the following topic: 'How may we increase the efficiency of our Tract Society?' Written suggestions are cordially solicited from ministers and laymen interested in this good work. Brethren, give us your counsel! Address me at 835 Broadway, New York."

NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

The British Parliament will reassemble December 19.

To the first of October, 5,500 exiles arrived in this country from Alsace and Lorraine.

A fire in Bangor, last week, destroyed a large amount of valuable property.

The arbitrament of Emperor William on the San Juan boundary is likely to be delayed for sometime.

A brilliant complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Froude, the historian, in New York, on the evening of the 14th.

Prince Napoleon has gone to Milan. He proposes to prosecute the Minister of the Interior for illegally expelling him from France.

Ten passenger cars were thrown down an embankment from a railway in England, on the 17th. One person was killed, and twenty-three injured.

It is reported that by the purchase of a large amount of the stock of the Maine Central Railroad by a Boston merchant, control of the corporation goes into the hands of Boston parties.

The treaty for the reduction of postage between the United States and France has received the approval of the State departments of both countries, and its early ratification is expected.

The large property corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, has been purchased for the Young Men's Christian Association, by John Wanamaker. The new hall will contain a lecture-room, reading-room, and gymnasium.

The steamer Providence, of the Fall River line, came in contact with a dredging-schooner on the night of the 15th, on her trip from New York, and was subsequently run aground. She was disabled, and her passengers transferred to the Narragansett.

The latest insurgent movement in Spain has ended. The revolting troops at Ferrol were dismayed at the appearance of the large body of government forces, and ran away under fire, or remained to be captured. About five hundred prisoners were taken.

The epidemic among horses has now extended throughout the Dominion, seriously interrupting business. The street cars in Montreal have stopped running. In their stables are more than 300 horses sick. Farmers in the country are unable to bring grain to market. The disease is not often fatal, but recovery is slow.

A Mexican commission which has been investigating the disorders on the banks of the Rio Grande, has made a report which throws much of the blame upon Americans, and intimates that the United States commission was bribed to make out a case against the Mexicans. The Mexican Minister is given authority to effect a compromise.

Continued from page 506.
WAR.

Glyndon is the last stopping-place but one. Rejoice! You wouldn't have rejoiced had you got off there with me. "It was a summer evening." You can repeat the rest of old Casper's story, even to the bloody battle that he waged. For a bloodier battle I had never seen waged before, than that which began the instant I touched the platform. It was kept up for ten days, waxing and waning, as all battles do, and consummating itself in the fearfulest conflict on that hill-top, or bluff-top, a score or two of miles back of Glyndon. The skirmish line struck us at the depot. The enemy fell, but they had as big reinforcements as the "butcher Grant," and filled the trenches with new recruits, that seemed to pay no regard to their brother's fate. Sore wounded we were, but came off alive, I cannot say victorious, for they were left in possession of the field. The mosquitoes are an institution of Red River Valley, and deserve an item. The depot had a welcoming squad, the hotel a few more of the same sort, so that hot as was the night, parlor and bed-room had to be close shut to keep out their presence. The next day we rode some eight miles on the prairies, to hunt up Methodists, and they seemed to think they belonged to our Church, for they thronged the way, they covered thick the back of the driver, and as thick those of his passengers. You could "scoop" them off by the handful, and their places were immediately supplied. They were not Methodists in one respect. They did not sing, but they made us sing all the more "lustily," and so kept the Methodist pitch up to a proper equilibrium.

We met them afterward at Moosehead, twelve miles beyond, at Grand Forks, a hundred miles down the river. O how they bit and sung too. See those travelers about that Frog-pond, log-hotel, slap ears and eyes and cheeks and chin and hands and legs! Each for himself, and each waging a fierce battle for his very life's blood. The cure is a smudge, a thick smoke. The fire is kindled in the straw, and banked with straw, and wet to keep the smoke dense. In it we all stand like the Psalmist's battle, and rejoice over this choking substitute. The "sulphurous canopy" is not like that of Linden's, and the battle ceases when the smoke circles. The mosquito is too dainty to breathe such an air, and retires to clearer skies and unenveloped hides. On that river, where we hauled up to wood up, how they did bite! They sailed into the cabin, singing their pretty song into your drowsy ear, and thrusting their tingling bill into your burning flesh.

But the mosquito consummated all this at the White Earth Indian Reservation. It was a muggy night, and the room was filled, if not darkened with their hateful presence. I had a lounge for a bed, and a net was hung over the lounge. But the room was so full, that you could only hear a perpetual murmur as of sounding sea. I thought of Tennyson's

"Murmur of innumerable bees,"

only these fellows would sting anywhere, while the bees were harmless if let alone. It actually seemed as if the netting was weighed down by their resting or roosting upon it, and I had to have it lifted up a little by a stick, so that I should not feel or think I felt the burden of their millions upon my thinly-covered flesh. Even then the roar of their melody kept me frightened and awake half the night, and I rejoiced with exceeding great joy, when the first gray came, and I was called at four of the o'clock for a ride of a score of miles to the depot, and away from the home of the mosquito. For four months they sing their little song, and stab their little stab, from June to October. This is a slight drawback to the Red River Valley. But as the snow blows for four months more, the balance is kept even, and extremes make up a golden mean of average and perpetual bliss.

GLYNDON

is a New England Colony, four months old, last August, with about a hundred houses, five short only, with hotels, stores, a chapel, and "great expectations." It is as flat as a floor. One can stand on a chair and "view the landscape o'er" for a score of miles. The railroad crosses here from St. Paul to Manitoba and the Saskatchewan, that is to West British America, and the Canadian Pacific. Rev. Mr. Williams, of Boston, is preacher of the church at Glyndon, a live, young Congregationalist, who is a good hunter of game, as well as of men. He is doing good service all through this region. Here, too, lie the possessions (in part) of "Carlton," the popular correspondent. Twelve hundred acres of rich land on the Buffalo river, timbered on the stream, is a pretty bit of soil, that when the mosquitoes are driven off, will be a luxurious abode for a poor driver of the quill.

Our church has souls here, a goodly show. One of them, an old class-leader, had been made chairman of the Creed Committee of the Church at Glyndon, which

ensured a good Methodist creed. What would the New England Congregationalists half a century ago have said to that? He was even urged to become deacon, his church relations, I presume, being unchanged, certainly his Church principles. But that honor he declined. It shows the catholicity, if not the shrewdness of our excellent brethren of the standing order. They will find this Methodist timber is of some value in their ecclesiastical structure. But our Church has a strong hold in this and other settlements, and will have to fold its own sheep largely, or they will get lost in the wilderness. Let each flock follow its own undershepherd to the one fold and one Shepherd.

MOOSEHEAD,

twelve miles on, completes the North Pacific road to date. But before snow flies, some two hundred and fifty miles more will be added, and Dakota spanned to the muddy Missouri. This "construction" town will then lose all of its significance, and much of its sin. Its dance halls and drink bells and dice halls will move westward, and its piety and business stay, with enough of its iniquity to still ruin it, if its piety is not active and aggressive. It lies on the Red River of the north, a muddy stream, a hundred or two feet wide, deep sunk in the fat soil, through which it has eaten its way five hundred miles downward, to the North Pole. The bridge that crosses it has a peculiarity worth noting; it is railroad in the centre, and carriage-way each side of the track, and foot path each side of the carriage-way. Thus everybody is accommodated; and as it is free, everybody is gratified, except perhaps the railroad owners, whose liberality does the deed. It is not a bad plan for other railroad bridges.

The Presbyterians have a church gathered here, and a chapel and papers to make an attractive centre. Our Church is a large representation among the religious inhabitants, and I fear some among the irreligious. The tents and sheds resound nightly to viol and dance, and young girls flit in and out these haunts of hell, to allure the swearing and drinking young men to a complete ruin. Who can talk optimism, in sight of these dreadful scenes! How can the bright Dr. Bartol, or the witty Robert Collyer, or the lesser lights and darker shades of this school find only heavenly lustre in such horrible horrors. Hell and hell-fire, a fire that never shall be quenched in too many wilful cases, already shoots its flames from these young hearts and lives. Would to God they could be quenched here in the Gospel pool, or ere it is everlastingly too late.

Our Church needs an aggressive minister here, — one that can go into these streets, stand by the side of these mouths of the pit, and snatch these souls, if possible, from the everlasting burnings. We are at the present end of the North Pacific. A flight higher we may yet make, as far as latitude goes, but lower, if the descent of the river and speech of the people hereabouts guide our words. Enough here to say, the North Pacific is a fact accomplished. It is filling up with a sturdy population; New England largely, though Northern Europe pours a great wave over the native emigration. It is full of enterprise, of ambition, of pluck, of cash. It will co-operate in all church enterprises wisely and liberally. It is the best field for our work in all this vast Northwest. Every Church is discerning this, and Episcopal Roman, Methodist, and Congregationalist are vying with each other in zeal and labors. We have put our ablest men into the field. From Duluth to Moosehead it is strongly manned. We trust and believe that the Church will gather a great harvest from this grand field ere many days. May she sow it liberally with her men, her means, and her prayers. Thus, and thus only shall we reap also, yet more liberally.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

The summer and autumn so far have been so severe that the crops are damaged to such an extent that a partial famine is apprehended, and unless a change takes place in the weather soon, the apprehensions of the people will be realized.

The Romish bishops and archbishops have met in private conclave in Dublin, under the presidency of cardinal Cullen. A semi-official announcement states, that the object of the Conference was to discuss certain financial arrangements in connection with Maynooth college. It is supposed to have some political significance, as Paul Cullen is about to leave for Rome. Nearly every prelate in the country was present.

The Rev. Thos. Guard reached Southampton a few days ago on his way to Baltimore to assume the pastorate of a Church there. After the Rev. Robt. Hazelton's return, it was stated that he would go back to the United States and join the Methodist Episcopal Church; but although the reverend gentleman received an invitation to return to the West, he has decided to remain in Ireland. He is furnishing a series of letters to the *Irish*

Evangelist, giving his impressions of America. They are entitled "The Live World."

A volume of sermons by a distinguished Irish Wesleyan minister is announced, entitled "The Pillar and Ground of the Truth." The author is the Rev. Daniel Macafee. In 1835 when Daniel O'Connell was in the zenith of his fame and influence, he attacked the Wesleyan Church in the person of three of its ministers, one of whom was the father of the present Dr. I. H. Bigg. The able and unscrupulous agitator punned in his own abusive, sarcastic style upon their names, and tried to his utmost to cast ridicule upon the Wesleyan body. As a witty and scurrilous satirist, O'Connell was feared almost by every one, and the English Wesleyans did not attempt any reply to his attack upon their founder and their Church. Mr. Macafee was then stationed in Tralee, in the midst of a popish population. He felt indignant, and concluded to resent O'Connell's attack upon Methodism, and he addressed a series of letters to him, which silenced O'Connell effectually. They gave Mr. Macafee a reputation as a controversialist, which any man might covet, and won for him the grateful recognition of Protestants of all persuasions. From that time he became the most influential of his brethren, and by the conservative administration he was held in high and deserved esteem and respect. As a preacher he was equally popular and able. His sermons were masterpieces of argumentative eloquence, and the book which is announced will rank among the highest works of the kind which the present age has produced. Mr. Macafee has resided in London for the past seven or eight years. He is upwards of eighty years of age. Mr. Arthur writes an introduction to the volume.

Sept. 30th, 1872.

PHILO.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — NUM. xiv. 21.

POLYNESIA — SAMOA DISTRICT. — A missionary meeting was held recently at Samoa, and one of the addresses of the occasion was delivered by Barnabas Ahogala, who had been saved from heathenism by Christianity. A part of his address is reported for *The Missionary Notices*, by the Rev. Geo. Brown. Our readers will read the following with interest, and it may lead some of them to "try another time:" —

"And now, ye people of Manono, and you our visitors, listen, and I'll tell you a circumstance which happened in my own family. I have a daughter, and sometime ago she came on a visit to my house. I have nothing to say against my daughter except this; that she is a very sleepy woman, and has a baby who is very cross and often cries, especially at night. Well, so it was that night after night this baby cried, and the mother's mind was distracted with two contending desires; she had love for her child, and didn't like to hear it cry, but her own desire for sleep was also very great indeed; so she would just sit up for awhile and try to sing, or rather mumble out, a song, of which the burden was, 'O, my child! — alas, my child! O, my child! — alas, my child!' and then down she would go again, and try to sleep. But again would that contrary child cry; and again would we hear the same old song, and the same old tune — 'O, my child! — alas, my child!' and then she would snore again. And so it went on night after night, until at length my mind was grieved, and I determined to talk about it. At night the child again cried, and again we heard her commence the same old drone; but she didn't sleep quite so soon again that time, for I cried out to her, 'O, woman, do have some love towards us, and try another tune and another song! Do you think your child's a fool, to be made quiet by such a miserable ditty as you are singing? It only makes him cry more; try another tune, woman, if you have any love for your child, or any thought for us, who also wish to sleep.' Then she was startled, and kept silence for awhile, and I thought, 'Now is she cross because I have scolded her;' but it was not so, for in a little time she sang a nice, cheerful song, and patted her child on the back, and spoke lovingly to it, and the consequence was that we slept in peace. That's my tale, and now listen to the application: You see my daughter only wanted awakening, and then she loved her child, and supplied its wants; and in the same manner I wish to awaken you to-day. I liken you Manono people to that mother, and I say that the work of God, and especially the mission work, is your child given to you to tend and love. We who labor in that work are also your children, and we cry to you; we cry to tell you of our pain: we cry to tell you of perishing souls; we cry to tell you that we want help, and we want your love; we cry, and cannot give up, until you awake and answer us. And how have you answered us? Tell me. Why, lately you have answered our cry with a miserable tune that you have sung with closed eyes and nodding heads, 'O, my child! — alas, my child!' as if that would make us quiet! I know you excuse yourselves with the war, but that won't do now; the fact is, you must sing another song. We must have better collections. Nothing short of a hundred dollars (£20) from this chapel to-day will satisfy us; you've tried a fifty-dollar tune, and that didn't do; now try a hundred-dollar tune, and if it doesn't stop us altogether, we will at all events be

quiet for the present; but, I tell you again, 'tis no use trying again that miserable song, 'O, my child!—alas, my child!' for it will do no good at all—we will still cry on."

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT IN OUR CHURCH PAPERS.

—Why will not all our Church papers follow the example of ZION'S HERALD and the *Northern Christian Advocate*, in opening a Missionary Department? It is time—high time for such a movement. The people need missionary information; give it to them. When will our Church papers move in the matter? The people will give their money to the missionary cause when they have sufficient light on the subject. Give it them; let our Church papers pour a flood of light on the Church, on the missionary interests, and new power and vigor will at once be given to the great work of converting the world to Jesus Christ.

GREENLAND.—What a history has the Christian mission to Greenland? It was commenced by that wonderful man, Hans Egede, a Danish missionary, in 1721, and he is honored with the title of "Apostle of Greenland." For ten years, amid great exposures and suffering, he toiled hard to convert the natives, but with little success. In 1733 the Moravians established a mission there, which has been continued ever since, and during these 139 years has passed through a history, which, for earnest Christian zeal, sacrificing toil, great suffering, patient endurance, and glorious success, stands unrivaled in all the evangelistic labors of the Church during the Christian era. Christianity has triumphed there. A goodly number have gone to glory, shouting victory as they went; and a large company are still contending earnestly for the faith, and are examples of consistent, earnest Christianity in that land. Still, owing to the severity of the climate, and uncertainty of means of livelihood, the mission experiences great trials and reverses; yet its prosperity is steady, and is constantly cheered with success and triumph. Abundant fruit will it present to the Master in that day.

AFRICA.—The *Missionary Magazine* contains cheering notices of the success of the Baptist mission among the Congoes, near the Louisiana settlement. The heathen are daily asking to be taught the way of life. Seven kings of the Kie country employ a native preacher to instruct their children. His school numbers 42. At Lower Buchanan a new house of worship is nearly completed. In the Congo settlement, 19 are ready for baptism. A chapel will soon be completed here. Great interest is manifested in spiritual things at Clay Ashland. Four conversions had taken place at Vonbrunsville. Two young men were preparing for the ministry. The prospects of the mission are most encouraging.

INDIA.—The wonderful work of God among the Telogoos, India, still continues. What has the Lord wrought among this people! One missionary, Rev. Mr. Clough, baptized 609 the past year. The Baptist Church at Ongole numbers 1,500 members. The work here is one of the greatest marvels of modern missions, and speaks loudly to the Church to increase her zeal in the missionary cause.

SWEDEN is awaking to a new life. One missionary writes—"Scores have found the Lord." In another place about one hundred asked for prayers, and many were rejoicing in pardoning love. The revival influence is becoming general.

The Farm and Garden.

WORDS TO THE WISE.—The following timely hints are from the last number of that excellent journal, *The American Agriculturist*, published by Orange Judd & Co., New York:—

Pits for Potatoes should be made on dry soil and where there is no danger of water standing in the spring. Our own plan is to make a deep dead-furrow with a plough, and then throw out the soil on each side so as to make the bottom of the pit about three feet wide. Cover the potatoes with four or five inches of straw, and then throw on a light coat of soil, about sufficient to cover the straw, leaving some ventilators at top. Just before winter sets in, put on another coat of straw and cover it with earth. This second coat of straw holds dead air between two layers of earth, and will keep out the severest frost.

Potato Tops are well worth drawing to the yard to absorb the liquid manure. Allowing them to remain scattered over the field until spring is a very slovenly practice.

Weeds and Rubbish are best got rid of by setting fire to them. They burn better now than in the spring. Be careful that the fire does not spread to fences or the woods or mucky land.

Fall Ploughing.—Unless the soil is very sandy, and liable to leach or wash away, you cannot go amiss in keeping the teams busy at ploughing land intended for spring crops. If possible, plough the corn-stubbles this fall. If there is not time for this, go over them

with a two-horse cultivator. It will kill a good many weeds, and level down the hills, and leave the land in far better shape to plough in the spring. It will also do good by exposing the soil to the atmosphere, and thus develop plant-food. It will also cause a great many weed-seeds to germinate, and the young plants will be killed by ploughing in the spring. We think so much of this work that we often cultivate between the stocks of corn as soon as the crop is cut. Try the plan. It will pay.

Ditches.—On low, moist land, the fall is a good time to cut new ditches, and clean out and deepen old ones. Underdraining on upland is usually best done in the spring, or late in the fall or early winter, when the ground is saturated with water.

Wood.—If not already done, delay no longer in filling the wood-house with dry wood for winter.

Clean up.—Pieces of boards, broken rails, barrel-staves, etc., should be gathered up before they become saturated with the fall rains. A few hours' labor in straightening up would add much to the appearance of many a farm. Nothing pays better than neatness, system, and order.

Harrowing Wheat.—We hope our readers will try the effect of harrowing wheat this month. Let it be done while the weather and soil are dry, so that any weeds that are pulled up will die.

Horses that are kept at steady work should no longer be turned out to pasture. The nights are cold, and the horses are better in the stable. Horses that are only worked occasionally, and never very hard, may be still kept out at pasture during the day. They should be brought up on cold nights and stormy days. If caught in a storm, rub dry when brought in.

Milk-Cows, if well fed, give very rich milk at this season. As the pastures fail, the cows should have plenty of food at night in the yards or stables, such as corn-fodder, hay, bran, soft corn or corn-meal, beet-tops, cabbage leaves, pumpkins, etc.

Steers intended for winter feeding should now be allowed a little grain, say two quarts per day. They should be pushed forward now as rapidly as possible before cold weather sets in.

Sheep.—If you intend to raise early lambs for the butcher, select out the largest and best common Merino ewes from the flock. Give them the best pasture and a little grain, say half a pound each per day. This will cause them to take the ram in a few days. Use a pure-bred ram—either Cotswold, Leicester, or South-Down, as may be preferred.

Sheep for Fallening in Winter should now be selected and pushed forward rapidly. On good feed, with a little hay and grain, they will often gain more in the month of October than during the next six or eight weeks. It rarely pays to try to fatten Merino's in winter until they are three years old.

Lambs should be kept in a flock by themselves, and have the best of care and feed. If not already done, they should be dipped in a solution of carbolic soap to kill ticks. This is especially necessary with the long-wooled sheep. In cold, stormy weather put all, and especially lambs, under cover.

Do not Sell the best Ewes or Lambs.—Sheep are scarce, and the butchers are picking up all the good sheep and lambs they can find. Never let a butcher go into your flock until you have first selected out all that you intend to keep.

HARD AND SOFT WATER.—All housewives may not know how materially the effects of hard and soft water differ in the cooking of various vegetables. While one species of vegetable requires hard or soft water, as the case may be, another species becomes sensibly deteriorated by it. For instance, peas and beans cooked in hard water, containing lime or gypsum, will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine. In soft water they boil tender, and lose a certain raw, rank taste, which they retain in hard water. Many vegetables (as onions) boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is dissolved. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain their peculiar flavoring principles, besides much nutritious matter, which might be lost in soft water. Thus it appears the salt hardens the water to a degree. For extracting the juices of meat, to make a broth or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissues; but for boiling meats where the juices should be retained, hard water is preferable, and the meat should be put in while it is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.

Obituaries.

The Rev. CHARLES FRENCH was born in the County of Sussex, England, and in the morning of life was soundly converted to God; and when but 18 years of age, was placed on the Local Preachers' Plan, in the Wesleyan Methodist connection, and labored as such in several circuits for thirty years with great acceptability and usefulness. He came to this country in 1849, and preached a short time in Connecticut. On going West, to be near some relatives, the Methodist Episcopal Church being impressed with his worth, invited him to join the Rock River Conference, which he did in 1851. Since that time, he has labored faithfully and successfully as a true minister of Jesus Christ. He was heartily attached to the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He placed the leading truths and facts of the Gospel before his congregations with remarkable clearness and force. He possessed rare conversational powers. His cheerful piety secured to him the affections of the people among whom he lived and labored. When age and infirmity came upon him, it was a severe trial for him to leave his loved employ in preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and take a superannuated relation to his Conference, but submitted with Christian fortitude and resignation. His last sickness was extremely pain-

ful, but he bore it without a murmuring word. In his last letter to the writer, he says: "I hope the dear old Methodist Episcopal Church will grow in purity, in zeal, in knowledge, in numbers, in spiritual power, in humility, and thus fulfill her grand mission on earth. God bless her. Amen." His last words were, "We all believe in the general resurrection." He died at Waukegan, Ill., Sept. 13, aged 71 years. The remarks at his funeral were founded on those appropriate words, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." D. NASH.

ROBERT WITMER died at Gardiner, Me., Aug. 19, 1872, aged 74 years.

Brother Witmer for several months past had suffered from great debility and weakness, which kept him from the ordinary duties of life, and debared him from that Christian activity and fellowship in which he delighted. But he had learned to be patient under suffering, and submissive in the deprivations to which his heavenly Father called him; and found, in the presence and love of his Saviour, ample compensation for every sorrow and affliction. When death appeared, he met it without tremulousness or dread, having found in an experience of forty-three years in the Church not merely grace to live, but grace to die. He passed peacefully to rest, and left behind a savor like the pouring forth of incense.

CHARITY MOORE died at Gardiner, Me., Aug. 29, 1872, aged 65 years.

Sister Moore had been a member of the Church in this place for forty-four years, during which her uniform consistency of life, and fidelity to the doctrines and usages of the Church, made her one of its most useful members. None had to complain of her instability or indifference. Of meek and quiet spirit, bordering at times upon diffidence, which some might construe into indifference, she yet exerted an influence of the most salutary character. Keeping on the even tenor of her way, if her life lacked the bright and dazzling coruscations of some others, it was compensated by the ever steady and beautiful light of the soul resting under the smile of God.

In her family, her presence was always the pledge of comfort and of joy; and her words, full of moderation and strength, exerted the power of a law whose chief authority was love, compelling obedience cheerful and loving. Her death to her husband and children is a sad and irreparable loss; to the Church, cause for genuine grief; to her, infinite and unmixed gain. During an illness of only four weeks' duration, her faith rested firmly upon the promises of God. In the final moments, the struggle of the soul to be free was characterized by intensest agony. It seemed as if she were to know, by these sharp, final pangs, a deeper and a richer bliss above. The paroxysms over, she gradually and peacefully sank to rest, till roused by the trump of the archangel. W. S. J.

Mrs. MARIA WHITE, wife of Brother Bartlett White, of South Yarmouth, Mass., died Sept. 29, aged 53 years and 8 months.

She was converted when but a child 13 years of age, and more than twenty years ago, in company with her husband, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place. Though the care of a large family and feeble health deprived her of the enjoyment of many of the public means of grace, during these years she maintained a trust in Jesus. She knew whom she had believed, and her last sickness was a triumph. She gave precious testimony to the power of Jesus to sustain. "All light," "Death is gain," "Glory to God," were among her last words. The family circle is for the first time broken. "Wife and mother" went home first. Her earnest prayer was that her seven children might possess her hope, and by-and-by share her home. W. F. WHITCHER.

HANNAH WHIPPLE died in Groveton, N. H., Sept. 22, 1872, in the 69th year of her age.

Mother Whipple was converted at the age of 16 years, and soon after joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1824 she was married to Jonathan Whipple, of the same Church. About seven years ago the husband preceded her to the Church above. In their home the weary itinerant received a hearty welcome.

Mother Whipple was one of the first Methodists who were organized into a Church in this village. She has been a willing sharer in all the struggles through which it has passed. Her physical sufferings were severe during her last sickness, yet her heart was stayed upon her God. A short time before her death she expressed an intense desire for the salvation of the remaining members of her family, saying to her pastor, "If I could see all my children converted, I could die without another wish." But at last she could say, "I have done what I could." Thus she passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, which is "without fault before the throne of God." G. C. N.

Died, in Granville, Vt., Sept. 13, HANNAH PEEBLES, aged 70 years; and Oct. 4, ALMON PEEBLES, aged 71 years.

A wife was called to the spirit-world, and in just three weeks afterward the husband, who had been her daily companion for nearly half a century, was permitted to join her in that world. Their companionship will now run on ineffably forever, for they both died in Christ. They had been members of the Church for many a long year,—he of the Methodist, and she of the Congregationalist,—and they were ornamental and efficient members. Thus has passed away, almost at once, at a ripe age, the united head of one of our most respected families in this community. N. M. D. GRANGER.

Mrs. ABIGAIL SHELTON, wife of Asa Sheldon, of East Thompson, Conn., died Aug. 31, 1872, aged 74 years.

Sister Sheldon was for over forty years an earnest, faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in East Thompson. Converted when 16 years of age, she joined the Baptist Church in Thompson, where she remained a member until the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which she joined by letter. She was truly a light in the world, while living and dying, and her life and death proved clearly that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Her last hours were hours of severe suffering, but of glorious victory over it all. So patient, calm, and trusting, she glorified in death, through Christ, the religion she lived. Her last words to the Church, "O be ye holy," may we never forget. D. C. HOUSE.

EMMA L. SANBORN died in Tilton, N. H., Sept. 11, aged 30 years.

Sister Emma was converted to God, under the labors of Rev. D. P. Leavitt, when but 15 years of age, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her entire Christian life was marked with uniform fidelity to God and duty. Her sweet spirit endeared her to all who enjoyed her acquaintance. Living, she honored the Saviour; and His name was the last to be recognized in her dying hour. S. G. K.

Tilton, N. H., Oct. 8, 1872.

Died, in this place, in Christian triumph, Oct. 2, 1872, LUCINDA PERKINS, aged 73 years.

Sister Perkins had been for many years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and I will repeat what I said at the funeral, that as a church-member, wife, and mother, she was emphatically a model woman. Her habits were peaceable, meek, and quiet, but firm and decided. All admired her, all loved her, all mourn her loss. Let the bereaved children be especially remembered in the prayers of the Christian brethren. H. B. ABBOT.

Lewiston, Me., Oct. 10, 1872.

MURTALE CROWELL died, July 10, in Orrington, Me. She had been from early life a Christian, and though death came suddenly, she was fully prepared to meet the King of Terrors. "Our people die well." W. T. JEWELL.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Springfield District Ministerial Association, at Brattleboro, Vt.,	Oct. 22-24
Winnepesaukee and Merrimack Valley Ministerial Association, at Laconia,	Oct. 22-24
Kearsarge Ministerial Association, at Canaan, N. H.,	Oct. 26, 28
New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting and S. S. Convention, at Middleboro',	Oct. 26-30
Fall River District Ministerial Association, at Plymouth,	Oct. 26, 28
Lynn District Conference, at Ipswich,	Oct. 29-31
Dedication, at East Douglas, Mass.,	Oct. 30

We would call particular attention to the Bolster Spring Bed. One of the most practicable and useful inventions here is the Patent Bolster Spring Bed, exhibited by Mr. Henry Baker, and for sale at his Manufactory, 328 and 330 Seventh Avenue. The finest steel springs are so perfectly arranged that, however suddenly the position may be changed from one side of the bed to the other, no disagreeable reminder of their presence can be felt. The slats are easily adjusted, and can be turned over, or interchanged whenever warped. They cover over the springs entirely, thus protecting the bedding from wear. The Bolster is complete and adjustable. It can be raised, or lowered at will. Only one mattress and a pair of pillows are needed to make with this spring bed a most luxurious couch. This saving of a second mattress is a point of great importance to housekeepers, while the low price of the bed (ranging from \$5 to \$7), its durability, surprising elasticity, and simplicity of combination, make it invaluable to all.

ASTHMA.—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy. Prepared from a German receipt obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other applications of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. Within the past few years this remedy has been used in thousands of cases with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; an infant may take it with perfect safety.

Joseph Burnett & Co., of Boston, are the manufacturers and proprietors, and it is for sale by Druggists everywhere.

We are in receipt of Messrs. Lunt, Preston & Kean's statement, made at the close of the fire year; it shows, among other things, that their business has more than doubled. Their deposits foot up \$1,095,965.90, and their cash means, exclusive of U. S. bonds, \$454,736.39, which gives a ratio of 41 per cent. of cash means to liabilities. This, at the present season of the year, is an especial good showing, and indicates that cautious conservative policy that enabled them so soon after the fire to go on without injury. They transact Commercial Banking in all its branches, also deal in Local Western Securities.

A new Preparation of Wheat is offered to the public, by A. S. and W. G. Lewis & Co., No. 7 Rowe's Wharf, Boston, being entirely crushed without lumps or grains. Will cook to a perfect jelly in a short time, and is well adapted as food, both for purposes of ordinary diet as well as for children and invalids, or persons subject to constipation. It is highly recommended by the Medical Faculty. For sale by Grocers generally.

We clip the following from the Troy (N. Y.) *Whig*:

"Some three months since Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, New York, commenced advertising in the *Whig*, an article called 'Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.' We believed at that time it was one of the many catch-penny arrangements to swindle people out of their money, but during the past few weeks have become convinced to the contrary. We know of several prominent citizens who have suffered from that loathsome disease 'Catarrh,' and they pronounce Dr. Sage's Remedy no humbug, and in several instances have been entirely cured. We desire to give Dr. Pierce the benefit of the same."

SAFETY LAMPS.—Whitney & Tappan are sending Perkins and House's Lamps to China and Japan. Don't fail to examine them before buying other lamps.

Business Notices.

The Centaur Liniment—has cured



—does cure, and will cure more cases of Rheumatism—stiff joints, swellings, and lameness upon man and beast in one day, than all other articles have in a hundred years. One says:—"I have not held a pen in seven months—now I am all right."

Another, that "The Centaur Liniment cured a frightful burn without a scar;"—another, "It restored to use a hopelessly lame horse, worth four hundred dollars," etc. Try it once. It is a wonderful thing.

Children cry

—for Pitcher's Castoria. It regulates the stomach, cures wind colic, and causes natural sleep. It is a substitute for castor oil.

Patient.—"Doctor, I have a terrible cough, and my children are all down sick with coughs, sore throats, and colds. What shall we do?" **Doctor.**—"Take Dr. Bassom's Hicc Syrup and Tonic, or Honey Syrup. This will very soon relieve and cure you and all the children. It is an excellent family medicine. Full directions are on the bottle. You can get it at any drug store for thirty-five cents."

Dr. Miller's Magnetic Balm.—Does it contain electricity? It cures as if by magnetic influence. Neuralgia and all pain, and is therefore being properly called Magnetic Balm. See advertisement in this paper.

RAPID CONSUMPTION is often the penalty of trifling with a severe cough; but no such catastrophe can occur if *Bain's Honey of Marshmallow and Tar* is taken before the disorganization of the lungs has commenced. Take time by the forelock and you are safe. Crittenton's, 7th Avenue. Sold by all Druggists. **Pike's Toothache Drops** cure in 1 minute.

NEOSHO COLONY LANDS OF KANSAS.—900 Families wanted to join this Colony, now forming at 57 Washington St., from the N. E. States, 70,000 acres all in one body. Send for circular, or apply to **W. H. ABEY**, 57 Washington Street.

BAKER'S ELEGANT PAT. BOLSTER SPRING BED BOTTOM. Sent to Clergymen on receipt of \$5. (See cut opposite.) "Equals any I ever used."—*Methodist*. "Unsurpassed at any price."—*N. Y. Times*. Address Rev. HENRY BAKER, 328 7th Avenue, N. Y.

I. B. SAMUELS & G. E. DICKEY, ARCHITECTS, 46 Court Street, cor. Tremont, BOSTON.

G. E. DICKEY and I. B. SAMUELS, Manchester, N. H.

Adams' Balm cures Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Lung Complaints. Price 25 and 75 cents. 129

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

October 19, 1872.

GOLD—@ 1.12 1/2 @ 113.
FLOUR—Superior, \$3.00 @ \$4.00; extra, \$7.00 @ \$8.50; Michigan, \$5.00 @ 9.50; St. Louis, \$10.00 @ \$12.00; Southern Flour, \$7.00 @ 12.00.

CORN—Western Yellow, 72 @ 73 cents; Western Mixed, 70 @ 72c. bushel.

OATS—40 @ 50c. bushel.

RYE—85 @ 90c. per bushel.

SHORTS—25.00 @ \$25.50 @ 30c. ton.

FINE FEED—\$24.00 @ 25.00 @ 30c. ton.

SEED—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$3.50 @ \$4.00; Red Top, \$4.25 @ 4.50 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$2.00 @ 3.50 @ 5c. bushel; Clover, 11 @ 12c. per lb.

BUTTER—20 @ 30c.

CHEESE—Factory, 15c @ 60c; Dairy, 8 @ 10c.

EGGS—00 @ 11 cents per doz.

HAY—Eastern pressed \$20.00 @ 25.00 per ton.

POTATOES—\$2.25 @ 0.00 per bbl.

SWEET POTATOES—\$3.50 @ 0.00 per barrel.

DRIED APPLES—0 @ 00 cents @ 5c.

PORK—\$15.00 @ 20.00; Lard, 9 1/2 @ 10c.; Hams 14c.

BEANS—75 @ 00 @ bushel.

ONIONS—\$2.75 @ 0.00 @ bbl.

POULTRY—15 @ 25c. @ 5c.

CARROTS—\$0.00 @ 75c. bushel.

TURNIPS—\$0.00 @ 0.75c. bushel.

CABBAGE—\$10.00 @ 15.00 @ hundred.

MARROW SQUASH—\$1.00 @ 1.25 @ bbl.

HUBBARD SQUASH—\$2.00 @ 3.00 @ cwt.

BEANS—Extra Pea, \$4.00 @ 0.00; medium, \$2.50 @ 0.00 bush; common, \$0.00 @ 0.00.

LEMONS—\$4.00 @ 5.00 per box.

ORANGES—\$0.00 @ 0.00 per box.

APPLES—\$1.50 @ 2.75 @ bbl.

CRANBERRIES—\$9.00 @ 15.00 @ bbl.

REMARKS—There is but little doing in Flour. Oats less firm. Seeds steady, demand light. For fine grades of Butter, prices higher. Eggs 1 cent higher. For Cranberries there not a settled price, changing almost daily. Vegetables steady.

REMARKS ON BRIGHTON MARKET.—The trade this week for all grades has not been quite so active as it was one week ago. The quality of Bees in market upon an average were better, and prices upon all grades have fallen off one quarter of a cent per pound.

Money Letters Received to Oct. 12.

S. Austin, C. E. Bisbee, E. F. Bean, A. W. Clark, C. W. Clarke, G. F. Chandler, A. A. Cleveland, G. F. Eaton, N. Goodrich, D. C. House, F. F. Jewell, S. Leader, L. Land, G. R. Lawless, A. R. Lunt, A. W. Lunt, J. C. Morse, J. Morse, A. B. Morse, J. H. Mansfield, S. H. W.

Miller, G. W. Norris, W. B. Palmer, R. C. Parsons, L. W. Prescott, S. J. Robinson, W. Y. Stocum, O. W. Scott, W. K. Stetson, J. Stone, E. A. Smith, J. C. Smith, E. F. Smith, C. A. Watson, A. C. Warner, G. L. Westgate.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters Received from Sept. 26 to Oct. 6.
J. M. Avann, T. P. Adams, H. B. Abbot, N. Andrews, J. E. Budden, J. T. Benton, E. Bradford, Jr., Bailey & Noyes, E. C. Bates, J. W. Brown, H. B. Copp, E. J. Clark, P. Chadbourne, G. M. Carpenter, Jr., Geo. Canham, R. Chrystie, W. O. Day, S. F. Darguin, S. E. Fernald, R. Flagg, G. Gale, Charles Griffin, A. S. Gray, W. B. Howard, C. O. Hall, Geo. H. Hineley, D. C. House, W. B. Jackson, J. T. Jordan, S. Lufkin, A. S. Lathe, A. J. Lockhart, G. W. Lampher, M. J. Miller, T. S. Marshall, J. N. Marsh, D. E. Miller, W. A. McKee, M. G. Prescott, O. P. Pitcher, G. W. Ruland, C. W. Snow, C. H. Stevens, James W. Smith, E. W. Stetson, H. B. Stephenson, I. A. Stiles, I. J. Tucker, H. W. Todd, B. P. Tevis, A. T. Wilson, H. J. Whitney, C. E. Walker, D. Watson, H. W. Worthen, D. Waterhouse, A. T. Williams, A. S. Whitley.

Money Letters Received from Oct. 5 to Oct. 12.
W. H. Ash, J. Rudington, Jr., J. Barford, Bailey & Noyes, M. C. Beale, F. P. Ball, B. K. Baker, A. W. Baird, A. Baylies, Geo. L. Clapp, J. W. Cromwell, J. Crebore, S. W. Coggeshall, G. H. Colburn, R. Chrystie, J. A. Dustin, C. W. Deatley, M. L. Dunn, C. Folsom, J. French, J. Felt, C. H. Grant, G. Gale, D. C. House, P. A. Howard, M. Haskell, D. H. Hanaberg, A. Hatch, P. Jaques, E. F. Jones, S. G. Kelllogg, A. R. Longley, A. H. Lund, J. F. Loomis, Geo. E. Lee, Amos Merrill, W. W. Marsh, B. M. Manly, H. F. Parker, L. B. Randall, R. Ramsdell, D. Richards, P. Rowell, E. F. Templeton, W. A. Worthley, A. R. Walker, C. J. Fowler, L. French.

J. P. MAOGE, Agent, 38 Broad St., Boston.

Church Register.

DEDICATION.—Providence permitting, the new Methodist Episcopal Church in East Douglas will be dedicated Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 1 1/2 o'clock P. M. Sermon by Rev. I. G. Bidwell, of Worcester. Former pastors, and all friends, are cordially invited to be present. D. ATKINS.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION of York County, Me., will be held at Alfred, Nov. 7 and 8, beginning at 10 A. M. All the Sunday-schools in the county are cordially invited, and earnestly requested to be represented by pastor, superintendent, and delegate. It is hoped the teachers will generally attend, that they may receive a new inspiration in their work. All Sunday-school workers from other parts are also invited to be present.

The Sunday-school work is not so neglected, probably in any other county as in this, the oldest of the State. Come all, and let us advise together, and awaken each other in this great work.

Rev. CHARLES MUNGER,
J. A. FURBERSON,
C. B. PECKHAM,
JOSEPH KYTE.

LYNN DISTRICT CONFERENCE.—I desire to note a slight change in the order of the programme: The cause of Missions will be considered on the afternoon and evening of Oct. 21. Among the speakers will be Dr. Warren, Rev. J. N. Wheeler, of India, and perhaps one of the Missionary Secretaries. The Sunday-school cause will be considered in the afternoon and evening of Oct. 22. Among the speakers will be Prof. Newhall, George Whitaker, and J. Q. Maynard, of Lynn, and Dr. Peirce.

NOTICE.—Persons attending the District Conference, at Ipswich, will pay regular fare over the Eastern Railroad, and receive a free return check at the Conference. C. L. EASTMAN.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE BRETHREN ON NORWICH DISTRICT.—I have just received a telegram from Brother Macgregor, saying, "Owing to death and sickness in family, it will be impossible to have Preachers' Meeting here." The meeting appointed at Willimantic is therefore postponed till further notice. GEO. W. BHEWSTER, Danversville, Oct. 16.

The cornerstone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church at Franklin, Mass., will be laid Oct. 22. Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., of Boston, will speak on the occasion. A more extended notice of this enterprising Church will appear next week.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT SABBATH-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.—Our Sabbath-school Institute for Providence District will be held in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Providence, beginning on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, at 7 1/2 o'clock, and be continued, with morning, afternoon, and evening sessions, on Wednesday and Thursday following. Rev. J. Ostrander, of New York, has consented to be present with us. A programme will be forwarded to each pastor in a few days. Each Church is requested to appoint two delegates, who, with the pastors and the superintendents, shall compose the Institute. All teachers are invited to attend, and participate in the exercises. Entertainment will be provided for four persons from each Church on the district. Pastors are requested to send the names of their superintendents and delegates as soon as they are chosen, that a roll may be prepared, and homes provided. Address DEWEY KNIGHT, or S. L. GRACEY, Pawtucket, R. I.

ST. ALBANS DISTRICT PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—This Association will meet at Colchester, commencing Tuesday evening, Dec. 10. [Programme next week.]

GEO. N. NOYES & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

(Formerly Corthell, Noyes & Co.)

Have taken chambers

151 Washington Street,

(Directly opposite Old South Church.)

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We have engaged the services of one of the most skillful cutters in Boston; and garments will be manufactured in the best style at short notice.

We hope to meet our former patrons, assuring them that our reduced rent will enable us to furnish them with their clothing at a price that will ensure their continued patronage.

THE ACADEMY OF ART will open to students for the coming year on MONDAY, Oct. 7. Perspective, drawing from objects, oil painting, water color, crayon, pastel, photograph finishing, modeling, drawing on wood, etc. **W. H. TITCOMBE, Principal.**

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PAIN KILLER,

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WHY IS THIS SO?

It is because DAVIS'S PAIN-KILLER is what it claims to be, a Reliever of Pain.

Its Merits are Unsurpassed.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, *Tea, or a Thirsty Drop in a Little Water* will almost instantly cure you. There is nothing to equal it for

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heart-burns, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

In sections of the country where

Fever and Ague

prevails, there is no remedy held in greater esteem. Persons traveling should keep it by them. A few drops in water, will prevent sickness, or bowel troubles from change of water.

From foreign countries the calls for PAIN-KILLER are great. It is found to

Cure Cholera when all other Remedies Fail.

WHEN USED EXTERNALLY, AS A LINIMENT, nothing gives quicker ease in *Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Stings from Insect, and Scalds*. It removes the fire, and the wound heals like ordinary sores. Those suffering with *RHEUMATISM, GOUT, or NEURALGIA*, if not a positive cure, they find the PAIN-KILLER gives them relief when no other remedy will.

It gives instant relief from Aching Teeth.

Every Housekeeper should keep it at hand, and apply it on the first attack of any Pain. It will give satisfactory relief, and save hours of suffering.

Do not trifle with yourselves by testing untried remedies. Be sure you call for and get the genuine PAIN-KILLER, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

Directions accompany each bottle.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1 per Bottle.

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(Signed)

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DR. COX'S HIVE (CROUP) SYRUP has been known and used by the medical profession over 100 years, and as a remedy for Coughs and Croup has an order and better reputation than any other Cough medicine ever offered to the public. It is known as the Compound Syrup of Squilla, and a formula may be found in every medical dispensary. DR. RANSOM'S HIVE SYRUP AND TOLU, in addition to the ingredients of ordinary Hive Syrup (according to the formula above referred to), contains Balsam of Tolu, decoction of Skunk Cabbage Root, Lobelia, and Hops, a combination that must commend it to every one as a superior remedy for CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, and COLDS, in fact for all affections of the Throat and Lungs where a Cough Medicine is necessary. This Syrup is carefully prepared under the personal direction of a regular physician of over twenty years practice, whose signature is attached to the directions on the bottle. Its very pleasant taste makes it an agreeable medicine for children. Every one should keep a bottle of Ransom's Hive Syrup and Tolu in the house, not only as a universal Cough Medicine, but as a sure and ready remedy for sudden attacks of CROUP among the children.

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See local notice.

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Its timely use will cure Colds, Croup, Diphtheria, Quinsy, and all Throat affections.

When properly used, Fever and Ague, and other complaints incident to our western and southern climates, are easily broken up.

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Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale.
President F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia.
President A. D. White, of Cornell University.
Prof. Alex. Winchell, Michigan University.
Prof. M. C. Tyler, of Michigan University.
President Porter, of Yale.
Professor C. H. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth.
Professor John Bascom, of Williams.
Professor James D. Dana, of Yale.
Professor A. E. Dolbear, of Boston.
Professor J. R. Swail, of Bowdoin.
Prof. J. F. Lacroix, of Ohio Wesleyan University.
Professor Oliver Marcy, of Northwestern University.

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